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THE SPHERE, JUNE 16, 1945
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Vol. CLXXXI No. 2369 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JUNE 16 1945

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THE SPHERE
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

A BRITISH ARMY ENGINEERING FEAT—ANOTHER CLOSELY-KEPT SECRET OF THE WAR: The building of two great ports on the West Coast of Scotland to deal with military traffic after the Fall of France. A view of the No. 1 Military Port at Gareloch, showing the deep-water berth, with the lighter pool on the left: it was opened in the year 1942

This picture (and the one on page 323 of this issue) shows another of Britain's secret war achievements—the Military Port. After the Fall of France in 1940, the South and East Coast British ports were virtually closed to large ocean-going ships. Two ports were, therefore, built for military purposes on the West Coast of Scotland—one in the Gareloch of the Clyde, and one in Cairnryan, on Loch Ryan, in Wigtownshire. The ports and their railways connecting with the main lines were built entirely by military labour—Royal Engineers and the Pioneer Corps. The engineering problems involved were mastered by Army engineers with advice from a panel of three civilian experts. Work began at the end of 1940, and the first ship berthed in July 1942. Besides their obvious value to military operations, the two ports were used as testing grounds in underwater clearance work, and the men who built them also built part of the "Mulberry" harbour

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 302

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1

Black-and-White Artists.

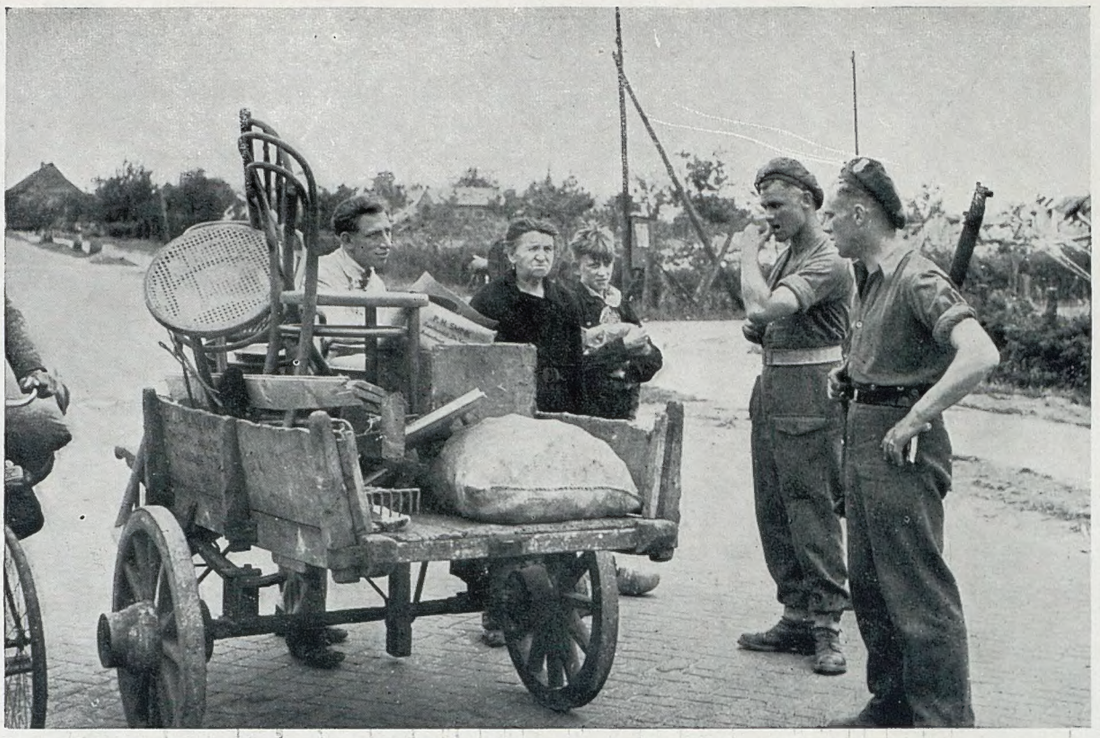
—I have a profound respect for Mr. Churchill as an artist in many fields as war leader, statesman, historian, prophet, orator and party fighter. In some of these fields, he shone out when he opened the B.B.C. electioneering racket. As party fighter: he revealed his knowledge that electioneering paint-boxes have only two colours—ivory-white and ebony black. With the first you paint your own platform; with the second your opponent's platform. The convention requires that (until July 5) there are only angels and devils abroad, even among friends, in the ranks of the protagonists—and only lunatics are deceived by devil's advocacy among the electorate. It 's as simple as that. Mr. Churchill's speech was as simple as that; but don't run away with the idea that the Premier is as simple as that. As prophet: he warned us that before July 5 (or 12) we might some of us be bored by the dog-fight, and the oratory. I think he is a true prophet. For the voters, too, are not so simple as all that. It is again a part of the convention that the electorate must be treated as children engaged in blind-man's buff. Black and white. Angels and devils. "The big or little loaf." It 's all in the game.

Roaring Lion and Sucking Dove.

—As I said, I shall treat the election dog-fight calmly and coolly and (in so far as anybody can be fair during an election campaign) fairly. So I will record my opinion that in the first round the Socialists had the better of it on points. I thought Mr. Attlee made the best speech of his career, and that the Premier did not—by a long chalk. Mr. Churchill did indeed paint too black the Gestapo horrors of a Socialist Government. Mr. Attlee was quick to note the over-exaggeration and simplification, and decided that sweet reasonableness was the card to play. He roared as gently as any sucking dove. We shall laugh again and again as each side plays up individual freedom of speech and opinion and condemns (or minimises the oppressiveness of) controls. There, they all know, lies the crux. The voter wants the best and cheapest new heaven he can get, with all manner of bonus, but he is not going to pay for it, if he can help it, by abandoning his few surviving freedoms, and he means to insist on the sweeping away of every printed form and requisition and application for licence possible. His life has been made a hell by these inquisitions and documents for six years and he doesn't see very far beyond these obstructions. And all the party leaders know this; all the statesmen know that political power for the next year or two will imply chiefly coping with a series of mortal crises, political and economic, and that the goods displayed in all their shop-windows are largely cardboard imitations of bananas and not the real all-food fruit. Yes, we have no bananas to-day. That is why, whether they favour large-scale nationalisation or promise the return of individual enterprise, all parties know they must satisfy the voter on the vital issue of the scrapping of forms and the tyranny of bureaucracy. It 's "as good as a play," but not so good a play even as *Charley's Aunt*. It will have a shorter run mercifully.

A Penny for Our Thoughts.

—I use the Sunday Press (*passim*) for my Gallup polls of public opinion. I put a discriminating finger on that particular pulse and listen for heart-beats and cries in the confused noises. To-day, I should judge, the city housewife is really pretty well fed up with our present food rations and still more with the faults in distribution. She is becoming more than cynical; she is angry. And, God knows, I am not surprised. She has worn herself pretty thin these last five years. I believe the controls and restrictions on minor house repairs—routine painting and tiling—will soon provoke another mild brainstorm. It is forgotten that the homes of half our fighting men at least are still standing and in commission, and are falling into decay and ruin from neglect, not enemy action. I should describe our thoughts on the political situation in Europe and in the domestic arena as foggy, dubious and depressed, and extremely cynical. We have not a guess how the cats will jump into the ballot-boxes on July 5-12. We are not much bamboozled by our home window-dressings for the election, and we know too little to judge how solutions can be found for the first outcrops of running sores which have broken out in advance of general resettlement. We are tired; unusually cynical, curiously ill-informed and mildly disappointed that we are not as happy and relieved as we hoped to be when V.E. should come. But I find one good point to record. I do not observe anywhere yet that irritation and suspicion, so widespread in 1918-19, that there was injustice between class and class, discrimination here, favouritism and privileges there. We seem to think that, if on the whole we are in for a raw deal, at least it is a square deal. And that *is* a bull point. Long may it reign. To grouse about the incompetency of Governments and bureaucracy is merely a sign that we are sitting up and taking notice and well on the way to convalescence.



THE ALLIED RELIEF PROGRAMME FOR HOLLAND IS THREATENED BY THE DUTCH TREK BACK TO THE CITIES: When food supplies were exhausted in the principal Dutch cities, during the last weeks of German occupation, millions of townsfolk trekked to the country and gained a meagre living from the land. Now they are returning to their homes in Amsterdam, Rotterdam and other densely-populated areas, causing a drastic modification of the Allied relief programme through sudden increases in urban populations. To reduce the number of people entering the main built-up areas of Holland, temporary road checks have been arranged, and only those persons who have passes provided by the authorities are permitted to continue their journeys to the big towns. Their few belongings piled on a small farm-cart, a Dutch family are here seen pleading with the road patrol for permission to return to their home. A British soldier looks doubtfully at the pile of luggage, and considers whether to agree. Problems such as this are multiplied many times as the civilians flock back

More Peers.

—For another page I have prepared a little note on the trend of thought as regards hereditary titles. The Dissolution Honours clearly show that there is indeed yet in this country no political party which clamours for an end to hereditary titles. Of eight new peers, three are Socialists—a high ratio, but not too high by any means if the Second Chamber is fated to remain in its present "compromise" condition for years to come; for the Socialists in a "full" Upper House still remain in a very small minority. In practice, it works out more equitably, for that House is never full or a quarter full, save once in a way for some big issue; and most Socialist peers are regular attendants. We may assume, therefore, that the hereditary issue is not a burning question of the day in politics. As a nation, we still love *to be* a lord, if we no longer "love a lord"—and even about this last premise I am by no means sure. As for the practice of raising a baron to the rank of viscount, there is no doubt less logic to back it than formerly. A viscounty (like a marquisate) always seemed to me foreign to our system and an unnecessary, redundant step in our peerage. But I dare say there are, unknown to me, advantages enjoyed by a baron so promoted, in addition to the satisfaction which comes from merit recognised and rewarded. And so it goes on!

Letting the Cat Out.—

One by one the well-kept secrets of our supreme efforts and superb inventiveness (to avert defeat and invasion and to achieve victory) are being released. I remember saying, a year ago, I expected to get the major thrill from them only in book-form, and I prayed that the Premier would be spared the leisure to unlock his secret cupboards in his own inimitable style. Individual releases are at present all we can hope for, and each one is a real enough thrill, from "Mulberry" and "Pluto" and "Fido" onwards. That boiling-oil and fougasse business, for latest example—the Middle Ages of warfare brought back to redress the balance for civilisation. First, how nobly we all kept our secrets! Home Guardsmen worked many of these devices in my own county. I was a Home Guardsman for four years, and it is our county's characteristic to love gossip, to pass on rumour and to enjoy pioneering in the "local" in red-hot news. Yet I myself had but the vaguest idea of these defence devices. This release also "killed" a famous *idée fixe* that the Germans actually started to invade us. *Admirable* that this *idée fixe* (like the Russian Army passing through England in 1914) was a total mare's nest, while the secret facts remained the most hazy and unreliable rumour. We know now that the invasion armada which came to grief was but a bunch of troops practising in asbestos suits to counter our fougasse devices which Nazi air intelligence had already discovered for themselves. We need not, therefore, have been so discreet. But I am very glad we have proved to the hilt that we can all keep secrets.

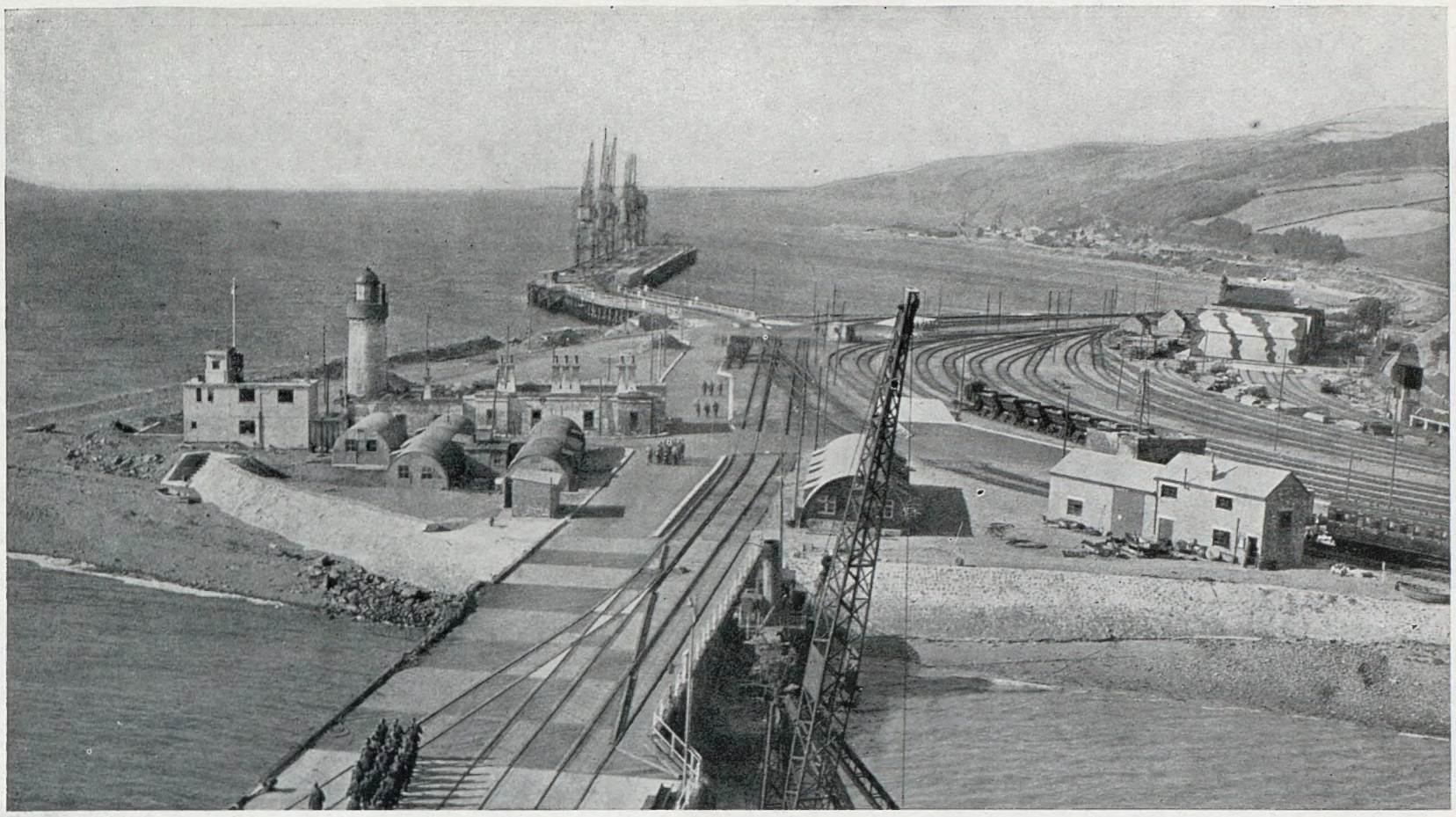
Bold . . . But True.

—The Moscow newspaper *Pravda* said the other day: "In its death throes German Fascism played an evil joke on France. It returned the senile traitor Pétain. Afterwards France was enriched by more acquisitions of a very doubtful value from the same source—whole constellations of former ministers of the Third Republic who had been in power during the dark days of capitulation and Fascist shame. These political corpses are giving proof of an activity quite out of place for denizens of the other world. They make speeches and announcements and conduct themselves *as if nothing had happened*. It was a fatal rôle played by a gang of born careerists who had clambered into the ministry chairs. These people and others like them brought France to its ruin." I do not swallow whole all that *Pravda* writes. This time I find it hitting a nail on the head, and making reference to what I regard as one of the mysteries of current politics. I ventured to italicise the operative words: "*As if nothing had happened.*" I often think of what was happening at the Quai d'Orsay in the '30's—quite enough to make my ignorant heart go cold.

Glyndebourne.

—Another swallow has been sighted in the promise of a summer of peace. Mr. John Christie has advertised to all old patrons to send him their addresses. It is certainly his hope to revive the charms of Glyndebourne, the nearest approach in the last two centuries in England to the attainment of the charms and the musical merits of Bayreuth. Many of us have vivid memories of lovely summer nights at Glyndebourne, with the music and magic of Mozart taking turn and turn about with the music and magic of that Sussex garden under the Downs. Mr. Christie, someone suggested, must get busy and become a going concern before Europe can revive a rival. I rather think that his own view at the moment is that Europe is dead, down and out, so far as such matters are concerned. And I have no doubt that he holds that opinion (right or wrong) with sorrow in no way qualified by relief over rivals eliminated. There is never enough of such first-rate opera-houses under such conditions; never was and, I doubt not, never will be for decades to come. I sometimes think that Glyndebourne opera was the only "lucid interval" in those Bedlam years between wars.

THE OLD STAGER



THE NUMBER TWO MILITARY PORT AT LOCH RYAN, IN WIGTOWNSHIRE : The North Deep Water Wharf and the approach to the South Deep Water Wharf

The MILITARY PORTS in SCOTLAND

It became essential after the fall of France and the Low Countries in June 1940, and the consequent virtual closing of the East and South Coast ports to large ocean-going ships, that additional deep-water berths would have to be built for military traffic. There was also the great probability that certain of the remaining ports might be damaged by enemy action. Two sites were selected, one in the Gareloch, off the Clyde, and the other in Cairnryan, Loch Ryan, Wigtownshire. In both cases, railways between 3 and 6 miles long were constructed, and in all 50 miles of railway track were laid in the connections and sidings and along the berths. Each port covers more than 1½ miles of waterfront. The work was commenced at the end of 1940, and the first ship berthed at No. 1 Port in July 1942. From time to time the Royal Navy have made use of the ports. Several battleships have been berthed, and H.M.S. *Malaya* was fitted out with new guns, necessitating a lift of 90 tons by the giant floating crane, at No. 1 Port. It was from this point that the Prime Minister commenced his voyage on the *Queen Mary* to attend one of his historical conferences, and their Majesties the King and Queen sailed from the Military Port in Loch Ryan to visit Northern Ireland

***On left*—THE SCENE IN SVEAGRUYA BELL SOUND ON JUNE 27, 1942 : *On right*—The Wireless Station at Longyearby, in Advent Bay, on May 12, 1942**

WEATHER SECRETS from the ARCTIC

The Arctic wastes of Spitzbergen were in 1942 the scene of a great adventure. A small Allied meteorological party established there to obtain vital weather information for North Russian convoys waged a feud against their German "opposite numbers" in another fiord, and they themselves lived for weeks in an old coal-mine as shelter against the Germans' daily air attacks. Crews of R.A.F. Coastal Command maintained contact with the party, dropped supplies and evacuated wounded and also carried out meteorological flights. Supplies of clothing, food, arms and medical equipment were dropped to the party. Eventually, the enemy left the area and the Allied Meteorological party obtained the valuable data they sought

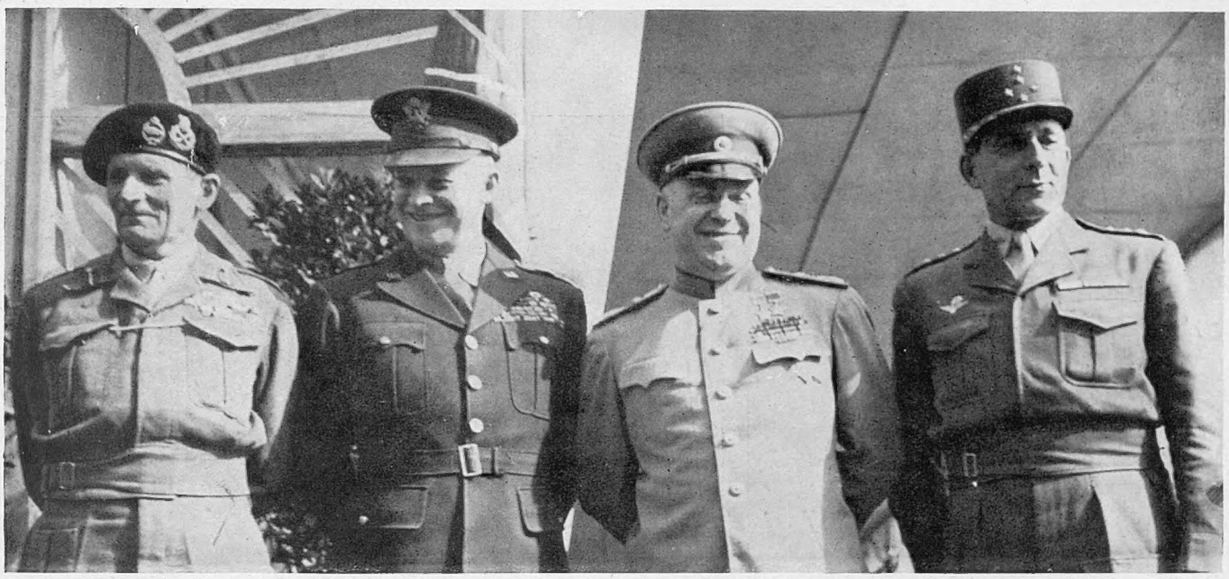
THE SCENE IN MARSHAL ZHUKOV'S HEADQUARTERS IN BERLIN—THE CONCERT HALL OF A GERMAN RIVERSIDE CLUB : Members of the American and British delegations sit around the table during the signing of the Declaration on the Division and Administration of the Occupied Reich. From left to right, are—General Eisenhower, Supreme Allied Commander ; Vice-Admiral Robert L. Gormley, Senior U.S. Naval Officer in Europe ; Mr. Robert Murphy, Adviser on German Affairs ; Sir William Strang, British Representative on the European Advisory Council ; Field-Marshal Montgomery ; and Lieut.-General Weekes, Deputy Commissioner

The ALLIES TAKE OVER in GERMANY

Scenes at the Signing of the Four-Power Pact in Berlin

The final chapter in the life of Hitler's Third Reich—which was to have endured for a Thousand Years!—came to an end on June 5, when the Allied Leaders met for the first time in Berlin. The object of the meeting was to sign a joint Declaration on the complete defeat of Germany and to assume power, as the Allied Control Council, over what remains of the Reich.

The Commanders met at Marshal Zhukov's Headquarters—the Concert Hall of a Berlin riverside club, where all the pictures reproduced on these pages were taken. Each of the four



JUST BEFORE THE SIGNING OF THE HISTORIC DECLARATION : The four Allied Leaders in front of Marshal Zhukov's Headquarters. Field-Marshal Montgomery and General Eisenhower are on the left : General de Lattre de Tassigny on the right

MARSHAL ZHUKOV SIGNS : On his right is M. Vyshinsky ; on his left is General Sokolowsky. In the background are civil and military members of the Russian delegation

MARSHAL ZHUKOV LOOKS OVER THE TEXT OF THE PACT with the Russian Deputy Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Vyshinsky : The latter is wearing the new uniform assumed by members of the Russian Diplomatic Corps

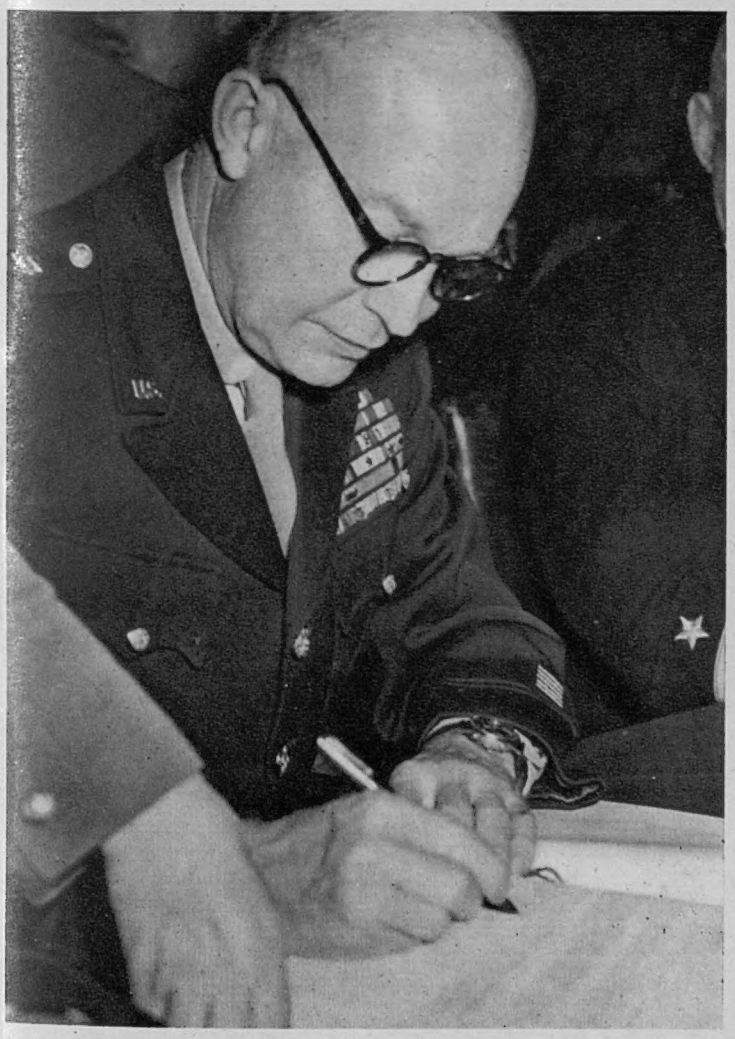
A STUDY OF THE GREAT RUSSIAN GENERAL just before the signing of the Pact: Marshal Zhukov is the chief of the brilliant corps of Commanders of the modern, all-conquering Red Army

GENERAL EISENHOWER SEATED OUTSIDE HIS QUARTERS IN BERLIN, just before going to the Meeting which set the seal on his great achievements in Europe since Invasion Day in 1944

delegations had a number of political and diplomatic advisers in attendance. Marshal Zhukov was the first to sign, followed by M. Vyshinsky, First Vice-Commissar of Foreign Affairs. The three Western Allies, Britain, the U.S. and France, followed. By 5.10 p.m., the document had been completed. From that moment the supreme authority in Germany was assumed by the four Allies, who took over the powers previously possessed by the German Government, the High Command, and any State, or lesser, government or authority.

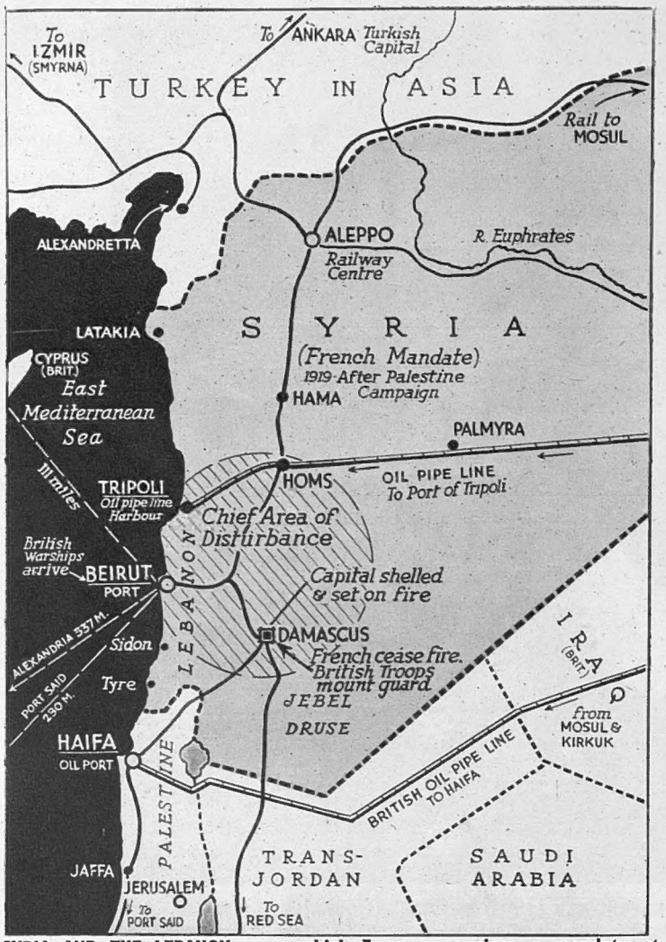
At the same time, the four Powers announced the setting up of the Control Council and the division of Germany into "zones of occupation"

FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY SIGNS: Sir William Strang, his Political Adviser, is on the left; Lieut.-General Weekes is on the right. Behind are other British officers and members of the Soviet delegation



GENERAL EISENHOWER SIGNS on behalf of the United States: He was the first to arrive in Berlin by air, accompanied by his civilian, military and naval advisers

GENERAL DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY SIGNS: The French representative arrived at the Berlin airport a few minutes after General Eisenhower. Under the Declaration, a Western Zone is being allotted for the French occupation



SYRIA AND THE LEBANON, over which France was given a mandate at the end of the 1914-18 war : The chief area of disturbance included the cities of Beirut, Homs and Damascus. Through this region runs the oil pipe-line from Iraq to the port of Tripoli. To the south is Palestine, and to the north is Turkey

The CRISIS in the LEVANT

And Britain's Part in the Future of Syria and the Lebanon

All through the month of May there was increasing tension between the French authorities and the Lebanese Government and people. The end of the war with Germany on May 8 made the two republics of Syria and Lebanon more urgent upon their insistence that they should enjoy immediately the independence promised them by France in 1941, but which had been delayed owing to war conditions.

The French Government sent out General Beynet, as their Plenipotentiary, to arrange a treaty before handing over authority. At the same time, fresh French troops were sent to Syria, in cruisers, making a somewhat provocative show of power. This is said to have been a mere coincidence, and that the troops were only to take the place of others going on leave. But it was enough to inflame the people, and was the immediate cause of disturbances.

General de Gaulle had chosen to disregard the Notes sent him by the British Government warning him of the effect of sending troops at this time. Parades and demonstrations took place in Beirut and Damascus, where a general strike was proclaimed; and there were clashes with French troops at Aleppo, Homs and Hama. The French considered it necessary to restore order by using severe measures, which included the shelling and bombing of Damascus.

The position became so serious that the British Government could no longer stand aside, and ordered General Paget, C.-in-C. of the Middle East, to intervene to prevent further bloodshed. Mr. Churchill sent a message to General de Gaulle asking him to order the French troops to cease fire and to return to barracks. The order was given on May 31, but the French troops remained in the positions they had taken up.

The real cause of the trouble in the Levant goes back to the first Great War, when the Turks were driven out by the British. France made a great point at Versailles that she should be given a mandate over Syria. The Arabs did not accept the French occupation very easily, especially when Faisul was turned out of Damascus, and there were occasional periods of trouble. But when the prestige of France was broken in 1940, and when the British were obliged to enter Syria in 1941, owing to the Vichy Government granting air bases to Germany, the Arabs took the opportunity to press for independence. This was promised to them by the Free French, and guaranteed by Great Britain. General de Gaulle took over the civil administration while the British maintained military authority, as Syria was in the war area of the Middle East.

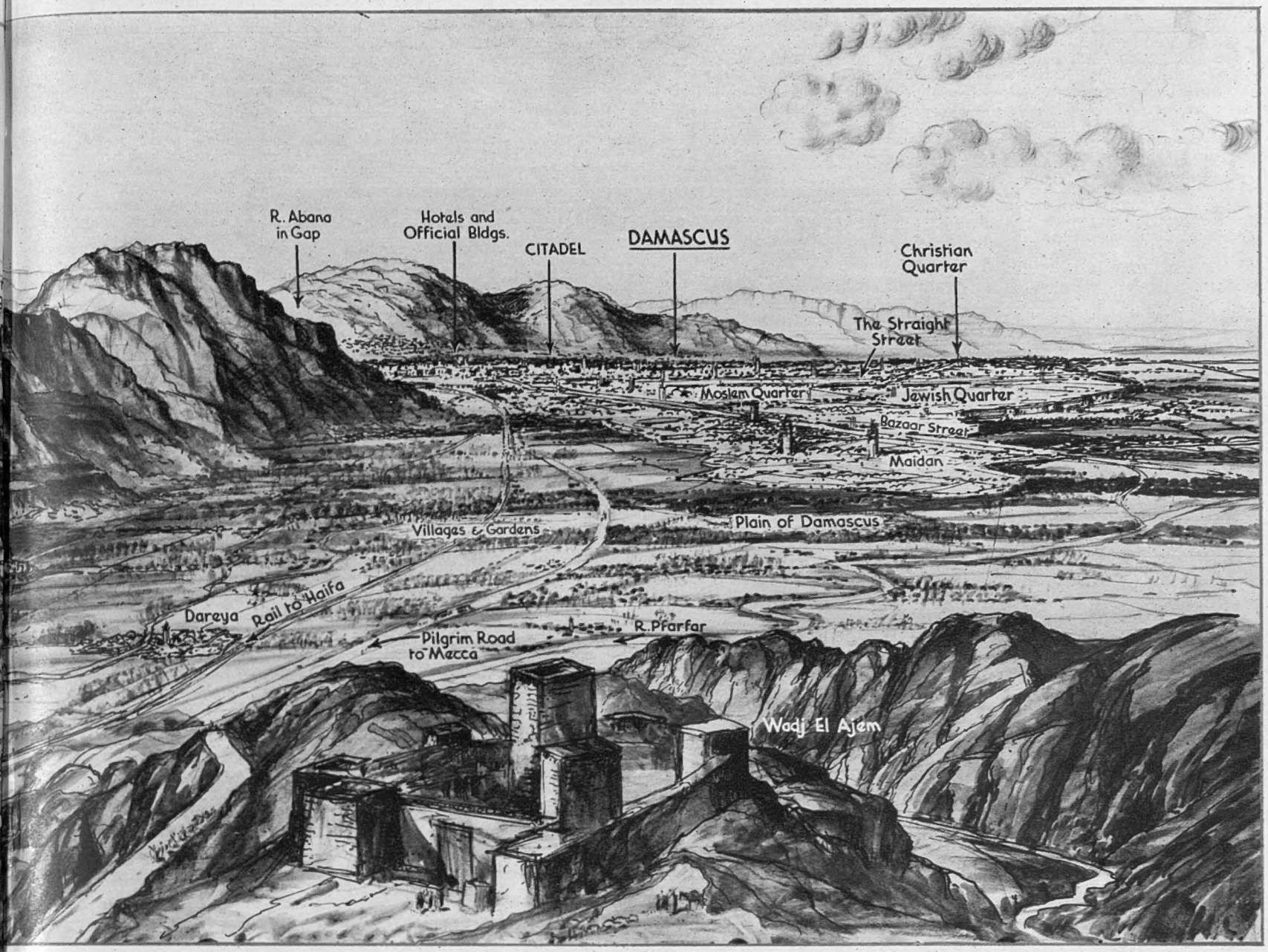
Two years later, in 1943, serious trouble arose in Lebanon, where full recognition of independence was demanded. The French High Commissioner took the extreme step of arresting the President and the chief ministers, which caused so much disturbance that the British had to request General de Gaulle to see that order was restored. The prisoners were released, and the Syrians were promised full control over their country.

But while the French intended to grant independence, they did not feel it possible to do this until the republics had agreed to a treaty giving France naval and air bases, and guaranteeing special economic, cultural and strategic interests. Directly the treaty was signed, the "troupes spéciales" would be handed over. These troops are a kind of militia, or gendarmerie, composed of Syrians and Lebanese, who have been trained, officered and equipped by the French. The reply of the Syrians has been that they will sign no treaty till they can do so as sovereign states. This has made the main cleavage of opinion, which up till now has proved insoluble

1941 : AFTER THE VICHY REPRESENTATIVES HAD SIGNED THE BRITISH ARMISTICE TERMS. After thirty-five days' fighting, the Syrian campaign came to an end, when the representatives of General Dentz, Vichy High Commissioner, accepted the Allied terms. General Catroux, Free French leader (on left), is here seen with General Andre de Verdillac, the Vichy leader, after the armistice

1941 : THE VICHY TROOPS IN SYRIA WERE REPATRIATED FROM BEIRUT. Australian troops lined the quayside and played the ships out. Here a body of Vichy officers are waiting to board one of the vessels which took them back to France

INDEPENDENCE FOR SYRIA IS GRANTED BY THE BRITISH AND FREE FRENCH : When this picture was first published in *The Sphere* on November 8, 1941, the following comment was then made: "Britain, in contrast to the Axis, stands for the self-government of the countries with which she comes into contact. British intentions in regard to Syria were explained by Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons, when he declared that 'We seek no British advantage in Syria. Our only object in occupying the country has been to beat the Germans.' With the departure of the officials of Vichy France the way is clear for the Free French to implement the pledges to Syria which they, jointly with the British, gave to the Syrian people before the beginning of the military operations to expel Axis sympathisers. Syria was granted her independence when General Catroux, of the Free French Forces, formally handed over in a broadcast speech from Damascus. The new President is Sheikh Taggadine, who is pictured above reviewing a guard of honour of Free French troops outside the Town Hall"



THE CITY OF DAMASCUS, THE CENTRE OF THE RECENT DISTURBANCES IN SYRIA: As a result of the shelling by the French, considerable damage has been wrought in the city, and the casualties have been estimated at about 3,000, with half of that number killed—*Drawing by Percy Home*

Damascus lies in the southern section of Syria, where a spur of the Mount Hermon Range runs in a north-easterly direction towards the River Abana. This stream pierces the line of hills. Damascus appears as a fairy city of white roofs, from the general level of which rise some two dozen minarets. These vary in shape; the three which form part of the Great Mosque are square, others are octagonal or circular. One can detect the massive block of the Citadel and the white Government and hotel buildings towards the western end of the city. Beyond the Great Mosque lie the Christian and Jewish quarters. To the south is the chief Moslem area, with an arm of the city extending southwards, pierced by a long, barrel-roofed bazaar street. From east to west runs Straight Street, famous for its connection with St. Paul. Old fortification walls still stand towards the south-east. The city is set in a sea of myrtle and orchard trees. Villages and a few small towns dot the fertile plain. The contrast with the open desert to the east is such that Arabs who have journeyed from the desert grow lyrical over the beauties of Damascus and its setting. The road to Mecca runs southward across the plain

THE SIGNING OF THE SYRIAN ARMISTICE OF 1941: The scene in the Sidney Smith barracks in historic Acre—General Sir Henry Wilson, the then C.-in-C., appending his signature. On his right is General Catroux, leader of the Free French delegation. On July 14, 1941, France's great day of national celebration, the war in Syria came to an end with the signing of the Armistice between the Allied Forces and the Vichy army under General Dentz. The ceremony was carried out in Palestine, in the historic town of Acre. Here, in the Sidney Smith barracks, the British delegation under General Wilson met the Vichy delegation under General de Verdillac. A prominent figure at the signing of the Armistice was General Catroux, the Free French leader in the Middle East. The very simple school-room of the barracks was the scene depicted in the illustration reproduced here

JUNE 1941: After the evacuation of Damascus by the Vichy troops on June 21, 1941, the whole city turned out to welcome the British and Free French

MAY 1945: British tanks and armoured cars enter Damascus after the city had been heavily shelled by the French. Here one of the tanks is passing the shell-damaged Government House

THE BRITISH ZONE IN GERMANY

A Tour of the Area which Field-Marshal Montgomery has Set Out to Govern, and the Characteristics of Its Inhabitants.

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE British zone which Field-Marshal Montgomery has set out to govern in characteristically clear and downright fashion will comprise the following, from east to west: a small strip of Mecklenburg, the whole of Schleswig-Holstein, all of Westphalia except a section of the Ruhr basin, an inconsiderable portion of the Lower Rhineland, and almost all of Hanover (including Oldenburg and the Friesian Isles). In this zone will be in the neighbourhood of 11,000,000 inhabitants, most of them of Low Saxon origin and speaking Plattdeutsch, a derivative of Alsatian which will easily carry the speaker as far west as Holland and Flanders. It mainly differs from High German (spoken throughout the centre and south) in the pronunciation of certain consonants. Thus, High German pronounces st and sp as in English, not scht and schp, as in *Platt*.

Outside the Ruhr hive and a few industrial towns, the population is principally engaged in agriculture and seafaring, and in the dour climate of much fog and rain the fact has left its mark upon character. These North Germans are hardly known for their geniality; they lack the *gemütlichkeit* (sociability) associated with the Bavarians. They are apt to be hard and stern like their skies, though they liven up in the bigger towns. The traditional type, however, is the taciturn, tenacious farmer living with his family in an isolated house in the centre of his fields: the *Einzelhof*. But these people have long had a reputation for honesty and cleanliness. As a whole, they show a Protestant majority, overwhelmingly so in the case of Hanover.

Taking the British zone from Flensburg down to the Harz Mountains and from near the Elbe to the Dutch frontier, the whole region is laid out in three distinct physical forms. For many miles inland from the sea run oozy mud-flats and marshland caused by the turbulent "German Ocean" overflowing the dykes. You see families living alone on *Wurten*, or mounds, in this marshland, grazing cattle when they 're not out fishing: unique combination of farmer-fisherman. Well inland, the marshland merges with the sandy *Geest*, or dry heathland, interrupted here and there by boggy moors. Montgomery's Luneburg Heath is typical, though it does boast oases of beech and oak. Thirdly and finally, comes a rich corn belt extending down to the mountains, our southern flank, which mark the commencement of Central Germany.

Whereas the British are handicapped both administratively and in regard to amenities by so much damage having been done to the chief towns, there are reasons why ours may be less of an occupation problem than other Allied zones. The West German *Tiefland*, to give our zone its historic appellation, is relatively sparsely populated, making for greater security; it is flat and easy to observe and good for airfields; and, provided its livestock can be conserved, it should offer a less severe food problem than other parts of Germany.

Demobilisation of the German P.O.W.'s in our zone, by which the men best qualified in farming, mining, industry and public works, go first, if adjudged to be reasonably safe, is clearly the start of a plan to make the zone self-sufficing. It foretells a masterly governorship: Monty, like Napoleon, may yet prove that his administrative abilities equal his military ones.

I am pretty sure that Schleswig-Holstein will be the most-sought-for section by the British Army of Occupation, not only for its propinquity to enticing Denmark, but on its own account—and I include Lübeck and the Mecklenburg strip beyond, as the same sort of country. These Baltic shores are pleasantly wooded, while Lübeck, bombed or not, attracts as the last of the Hanseatic towns. After pouring German goods abroad for centuries under a trade monopoly that waged wars and unmade kings, Hansa's final counter closed at Antwerp in 1863.

Schleswig-Holstein extends from Flensburg to Altona, a part of Hamburg, has an area of 6,000 square miles, and a normal population around 1,750,000, most of whom are on the land, or fishermen, or in commerce. But for industries at Flensburg and Altona and shipbuilding at Kiel, this is a land near nature. Cattle abound, and Holstein horses are as famous as Schleswig honey—I never saw so many beehives. But you have only to take the chief exports: grain, cattle, horses, fish and oysters—the two last in the shape of Kiel sprats and "Holstein Natives." The oysters come from West Schleswig, but no matter.

Foggy and rainy for most of the year, a touch of the Gulf Stream wards off cold, and from now to September the days can be as good as in Denmark. The main attraction is the coast, which is deeply indented with fjords, one of which, leading 30 miles inland to Schleswig, the snug little capital, has an entrance only 80 yards wide. Incidentally, not the capital, but Kiel, is the centre of learning.

The man to read for all this region—and he should be translated so that our men may learn something of the character of those around them—is Gustav Frenssen, whose *Jörn Uhl* was a winner forty years ago. This is impressionistic writing, all about the shaping of character by surroundings.

Frenssen wrote specifically of the Friesian Isles, of which Borkum and Nordeney were fashionable summer resorts competing with Heligoland, 30 miles offshore, and probably the only fortress-*plage* outside Gibraltar. We are now in Hanover, so let us get an outline of this quondam Guelph fief.

The province is the second biggest in Germany, covering 15,000 square miles which are called upon to support but 3,500,000 inhabitants, or 220 to the square mile as against 760 in this country. Sandhills, heath and moor—such is your memory of Hanover; coastal lowlands moist and foggy, and mild plains inland. A Protestant land where life is stern and humour at a premium, although Münchausen did come from these parts. Yet Moltke, who could be silent in eight languages, and Voss, the gaunt, bucolic poet, are typical.

The suggestion has been made that there should be a reunion of the Crown with Hanover. My guess is that our longest link will be nearer the coast—the Kiel Canal (which, by the way, has never paid) and Heligoland. In view of the kind of thing we hear to-day, it is salutary to recall that, in angling for Heligoland, Count Münster began with these words: "Impossible that Germany and England should ever be at war." As we shall twice have dismantled Heligoland within fifty-five years, it would be sparing the German pocket if we obviated a third German fortifying by staying there.

What might be done in Hanover is gradually to insinuate something of our Constitution. This would be carrying on what William IV began in 1830, only to see the liberalising abruptly cut short by the Duke of Cumberland, on his succession three years later. And in 1837 we left under the Salic Law, after a link of 123 years.

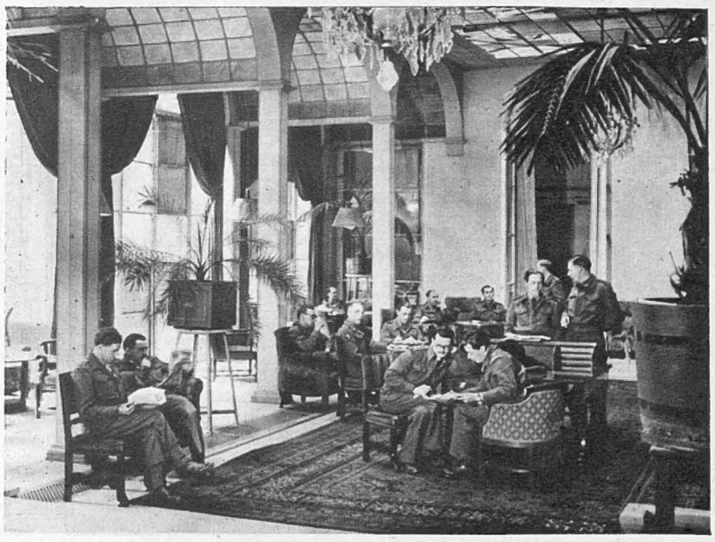
Hanover. One thinks of mediæval Göttingen, Germany's No. 1 university, which lost a British War Minister his career because he said it was his spiritual home. Of Hildesheim, cradle of German Romanesque. Of the old Dutch inner town of Emden. Of Bremerhaven, reeking of the Atlantic. Of romantic Luneburg itself. What a flair Montgomery has. He not only camps on the German Salisbury Plain, but where Frederick the Great's werewolves, in the form of the local peasants, bridged the worst period of that resistance.

Westphalia is half-and-half: crowdingly industrial and spreadingly agricultural. Very unevenly settled, "the Western Plain" has about 5,000,000 people to 8,000 square miles, which works out over-all at 615 to the square mile—nearly three times as densely-populated as Hanover. Since it passed in its entirety to Prussia after Waterloo, Westphalia has grown to be the richest German province, as rich for its cattle and crops, horses and swine—those hams!—as for its coal and iron, linen and weaving, minerals and manufacturing.

In contrast to the white farms in lush and peaceful countryside is that other Westphalia, to be witnessed in "Enneper Strasse," the name for a whole valley near the Ruhr, that has nothing else but mines or factories for miles and miles on either side.

Unnecessary to describe the Westphalian type, since it has been done with the Hanoverian; and much the same goes for those in the little stretch of Rhineland, north of Crefeld, which will be our westernmost point of occupation. The grimly obstinate Westphalian type is mirrored in the Protestant Bishop of Münster.

OUR TROOPS IN GERMANY MAKE THEIR OWN ENTERTAINMENT: The band of the 5th Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers playing to the troops in a beer garden in the Hamburg area. In the background can be seen groups of German civilians, kept at a distance by General Eisenhower's non-fraternisation order rigidly enforced in Germany



ATLANTIC HOTEL, HAMBURG: Life in a luxury hotel is a great change for the Fifty-Third Welch Division after very different conditions in the field. The Atlantic Hotel, now their headquarters, is well known to business men in shipping circles who were in the habit of visiting the city before the war. The above picture was taken in the palm lounge, which has escaped damage

THE ROSE OF ENGLAND IN GERMANY: One of the oldest beer houses in Luneberg, built in 1658, has been taken over as a club for an A.-A. Regiment of the Royal Artillery. Beer, tea, cakes, etc., are served by the landlord, Sergeant W. H. Ellis, of Hackney, who in private life was a bus driver. A sing-song, the wireless programme or a game of darts helps to while away the gunners' off-duty hours. There are also rooms for reading and writing

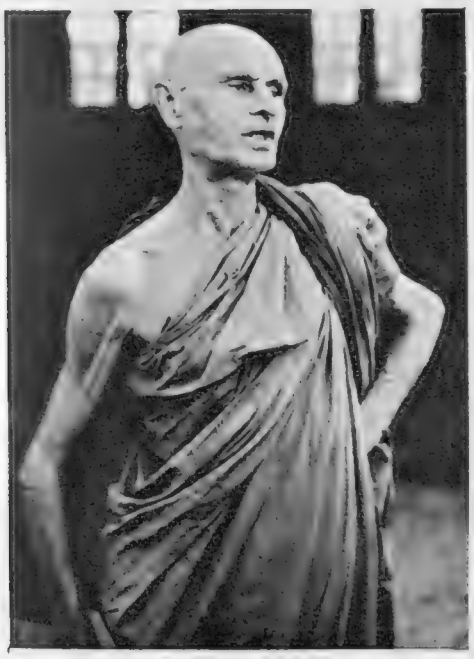
HEAVY BOMBERS OF THE R.A.F. ATTACK THE JAPANESE BASE ON THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS. Taken from one of the attacking Liberators, this photograph shows bombs exploding among the trans-shipment sheds and jetties on Chatham Island. The most westerly Japanese base in the Bay of Bengal—Port Blair, in the Andaman Islands—was attacked on May 17 by a force of R.A.F. Liberators of the strategic Air Force, Eastern Air Command. The Liberators concentrated on important harbour installations, which are dispersed over a ten-miles-wide lagoon, Phœnix Bay, in the southern arm of the harbour, and Chatham Island, at the entrance to the main anchorage

FIGHTING THE JAPS

In Burma and the Bay of Bengal

AT THE VICTORY PARADE IN RANGOON: Troops of the Twenty-sixth Indian Division marching through the streets of the city: these men have played a large part in the fighting on land and in airborne operations. The Salute was taken by Major-General Chambers, G.O.C. of the Division

IN THE LIBERATED BURMESE CAPITAL: A Burmese nurse and a British R.A.M.C. officer attending to civilian patients. A Field Ambulance stationed at Rangoon was swiftly filled with patients as the civilian populace rushed for the medical attention that they had been so long denied. Faced with a shortage of staff, the officer commanding sent an appeal to Burmese girls trained as nurses; he received a prompt response which has ensured that Rangoon civilians will have adequate care and treatment until such time as the civil hospitals can be completely reorganised. Here one of the Burmese volunteer nurses is seen attending to a patient, while the medical officer (Captain A. Capon, from Rushden, Northants) charts the patient's condition



A LAST-WAR MAJOR NOW A BUDDHIST MONK IN RANGOON: A Buddhist monk, F. C. Fletcher, now sixty-six years of age and once a British soldier, was found in Rangoon when it was occupied by the Twenty-sixth Division. Fletcher—his Burmese name is Prauna Nanda—lives in a Rangoon monastery

AUSTER SPOTTING AIRCRAFT WHICH OPERATED WITH THE NAVY DURING THE RANGOON OPERATION. This picture was taken on board an aircraft-carrier of the East Indies Fleet: it shows one of the Auster "spotters" used by the Royal Artillery landing on the deck during the assault on the Burmese capital

AMERICAN CARRIER-BORNE PLANES BLAST THE JAPANESE FLEET IN ITS HOME WATERS: The scene during the great attack carried out at Kure, on the island of Honshu in the Inland Sea, on March 18

The BITTER STRUGGLE for OKINAWA

Where the Japs are Fighting Back Fiercely Against the Americans

Bombs are here dropping on the Japanese ships and docks. Other American carrier-based planes struck at the Japanese industrial city of Kobe, also on Honshu, on the same day, in their second major strike in two days at the heart of the Japanese homeland. The U.S. planes destroyed or damaged 731 Japanese planes, damaged at least fifteen warships, including one battleship and two aircraft-carriers; damaged seven freighters and sank six others in the attacks

AMERICAN TANKS MOVE INTO NAHA, CAPITAL CITY OF THE ISLAND OF OKINAWA: These tanks of the 6th Marine Division are blasting the enemy as they move through the city outskirts. Members of this Division advanced 500 yards through the capital's rubble, enlarging their grip on Naha to one-sixth of the city. Tanks helping in the drive were brought across the Asato River on two heavy bridges recently completed and two lighter footbridges. The Japs had blown up the bridges as they fled before the advance of the Americans

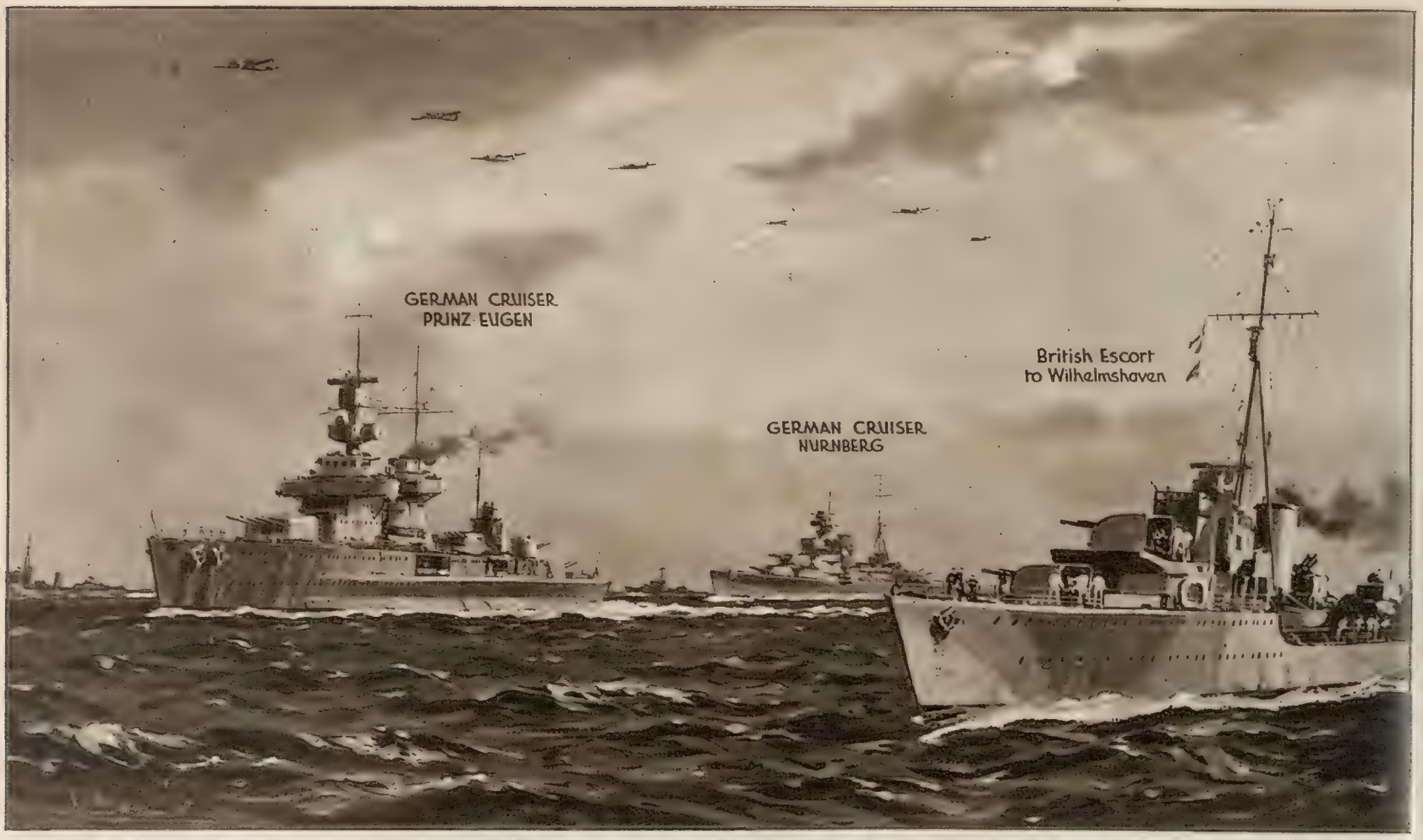
ONCE A CAPITAL WITH A POPULATION OF 66,000, Naha is now a town of rubble—with parts of it completely levelled by the intense bombardments and fighting. A line of Marines of the 6th Division are here moving along a road into the city through an area of completely razed buildings

SOLDIERS FOLLOW A TANK BETWEEN HOUSES during the advance through the Okinawa capital: In this manner they picked off stray Jap snipers who attempted to halt their drive

SMOKING OUT THE JAPS: As the smoke from their "Satchel" charge explosion spirals overhead, Marines of the 1st Division close in for point-blank firing on Japs holed-up in a cave. The man in the foreground hugs the ground as the others rise on their knees to get ready to shoot it out with the enemy

A FLAME-THROWING TANK sends a high, curling sheet of fire into what was believed to be a Jap sniper nest. Instead, the explosion showed it to be an ammunition dump. Here Marines, held up by the Japs in the cave, wait for the liquidation of the enemy

POOR CAMOUFLAGE ADOPTED BY THE JAPS TO DISGUISE THEIR SUPPLY SHIPS AROUND THE ISLAND OF OKINAWA: These Japanese coastal luggers were inadequately camouflaged with tree branches and island foliage; consequently they were spotted by American bombers, flying from carriers of the U.S. Pacific Fleet, whilst lying up in an island cove. The ship in the background has been obliterated by a direct hit: the other four vessels are hugging the shore at Kakeroma Shima, in the Amami group north of the main island of Okinawa



THE GERMAN CRUISERS "NURNBERG" AND "PRINZ EUGEN" BEING MOVED UNDER AN ESCORT OF BRITISH DESTROYERS FROM COPENHAGEN TO WILHELMSHAVEN: The British vessels keep their guns manned in case of treachery, while Allied aircraft keep watch from above—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

AFTER HAVING BEEN TAKEN OVER BY THE ROYAL NAVY: German naval officers line up on the deck of the "Prinz Eugen" to have their instructions read out to them as the vessel lay in harbour at Copenhagen

These two Nazi warships were taken over in Copenhagen: "for reasons of security," they were moved a little later to Wilhelmshaven. One can well imagine the humiliation felt by the Germans at being escorted by craft which could be blown out of the water by one shot from the captured cruisers' guns. The *Nurnberg* was built in 1934: she is of 6,000 tons displacement, and is armed with nine 5·9-in. guns and eight 3·5-in. anti-aircraft, as well as smaller, weapons. The *Prinz Eugen* was built in 1938: she has a displacement of 10,000 tons, and carries eight 8-in., and twelve 4·1-in. anti-aircraft, guns. Four aircraft are carried on board. Both vessels have twelve torpedo tubes

THE SURRENDER of the GERMAN CRUISERS

And Other Pictures of the War in the Atlantic

—*With Two Special Sphere Drawings*

BACK FROM THE FIGHTING IN THE PACIFIC—"LIKE A SIEVE!" This is the American destroyer *Laffey*, one of the newest of the 1943 vessels. She has a displacement of 2,200 tons, and is armed with six 5-in. guns. During the fighting around Okinawa, she was attacked by 22 Jap aircraft, of which she shot down nine. After the action she returned to Seattle for repairs, her upper works looking like a sieve

THE ONLY AMERICAN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER TO BE LOST IN THE ATLANTIC: The U.S.S. "Block Island," which was sunk by German torpedoes on May 29, 1944. With her planes covered against the ravages of the weather and spray, the escort carrier U.S.S. *Block Island* is here seen as she headed out to sea on an Atlantic mission. On May 29, the *Block Island* and her task group flushed a German submarine; in the ensuing battle, the escort carrier was struck by three torpedoes from the U-boat. One of her destroyer escorts, the U.S.S. *Barr*, was also torpedoed. Another destroyer escort, the U.S.S. *Eugene E. Elmore*, destroyed the underseas raider an hour later. But the *Block Island* was doomed and sank shortly after being hit. Nine hundred and fifty officers and men of the carrier abandoned ship, however, and were rescued by accompanying destroyers

A GERMAN U-BOAT SURRENDERS AT GIBRALTAR: How the "U-541" steamed into the harbour to give herself up under British orders

When news was received that *U*-541, commanded by a much-bemedalled German officer, was heading towards Gibraltar to surrender in compliance with Doenitz's orders, she was instructed to proceed to a certain position in the Straits. British naval vessels then set out for the rendezvous. The leading British destroyer, H.M.S. *Malcolm*, made contact, and a party led by two British submarine officers boarded the U-boat from a whaler. Members of the German crew were transferred to the destroyer and British naval ratings to the U-boat to man her for the journey into port: here she is seen actually approaching the great Rock fortress

AN AMERICAN BOARDING-PARTY TAKE OVER THE NAZI SUBMARINE "U-858" after its surrender off Cape May on May 14

The German submarine *U*-858 is pictured on the left immediately following her surrender to an American warship about 45 miles off Cape May, New Jersey, on May 14. An American flag flies aboard the underseas craft. The German crew are being searched as they were lined up on the deck by an American Marine guard. U.S. vessels can be seen on the horizon. This Nazi craft was the first German warship to surrender in American waters since the United States went to war in 1941. In the picture on the right, a Navy blimp hovers overhead as other naval craft patrol the waters near by after the surrender, to guard against a possible surprise move by the Nazis

On right—**A NAVAL TRAGEDY OF 1942: The British cruiser "Curacao" is cut in two by the liner "Queen Mary"** —*Drawing by Wm. McDowell.* In September of 1942, the huge liner converted into a troopship, was bringing 15,000 American soldiers to Britain. She was steaming all-out to the Clyde with an escort of two cruisers. On the sixth day out, when only 10 miles off the Scottish coast, a U-boat alarm was given. Immediately the great liner swung round to take avoiding action: at the same moment, the *Curacao* was racing towards the submarine. The two vessels collided and, in the words of an eye-witness, the *Queen Mary* simply trampled over the warship. The cruiser was cut in two, and many lives were lost. From 30 knots, the liner's speed was reduced to 13, which made her a "sitting duck" for other U-boats or German aircraft. The *Curacao* was an old vessel built in 1918 and rearmed for anti-aircraft duties in 1939. She had a displacement of 4,200 tons and carried a complement of 400

ONE OF THE REASONS FOR THE DISORGANISATION OF THE WEHRMACHT DURING THE FINAL BATTLES IN GERMANY—THE BREAKDOWN IN THE COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM, which aided in the disintegration of the various Nazi formations. Often, a local commander could get no messages through, nor receive instructions from above—*Drawing by W G. Whitaker* (see notes at left)

THE BREAKDOWN OF GERMAN COMMUNICATIONS

THE LOOTED ART TREASURES OF THE NAZIS

There can be little doubt that one of the major causes of the collapse of Germany towards the end was the breakdown of communications among the Wehrmacht formations in the field. It will be recalled that during the later stages of the rapid advance of the Western Allies a "black-out" on all details of places reached by the advanced forces was frequently imposed. This seemed irksome at the time, but it would now appear that it proved even more irksome to the enemy.

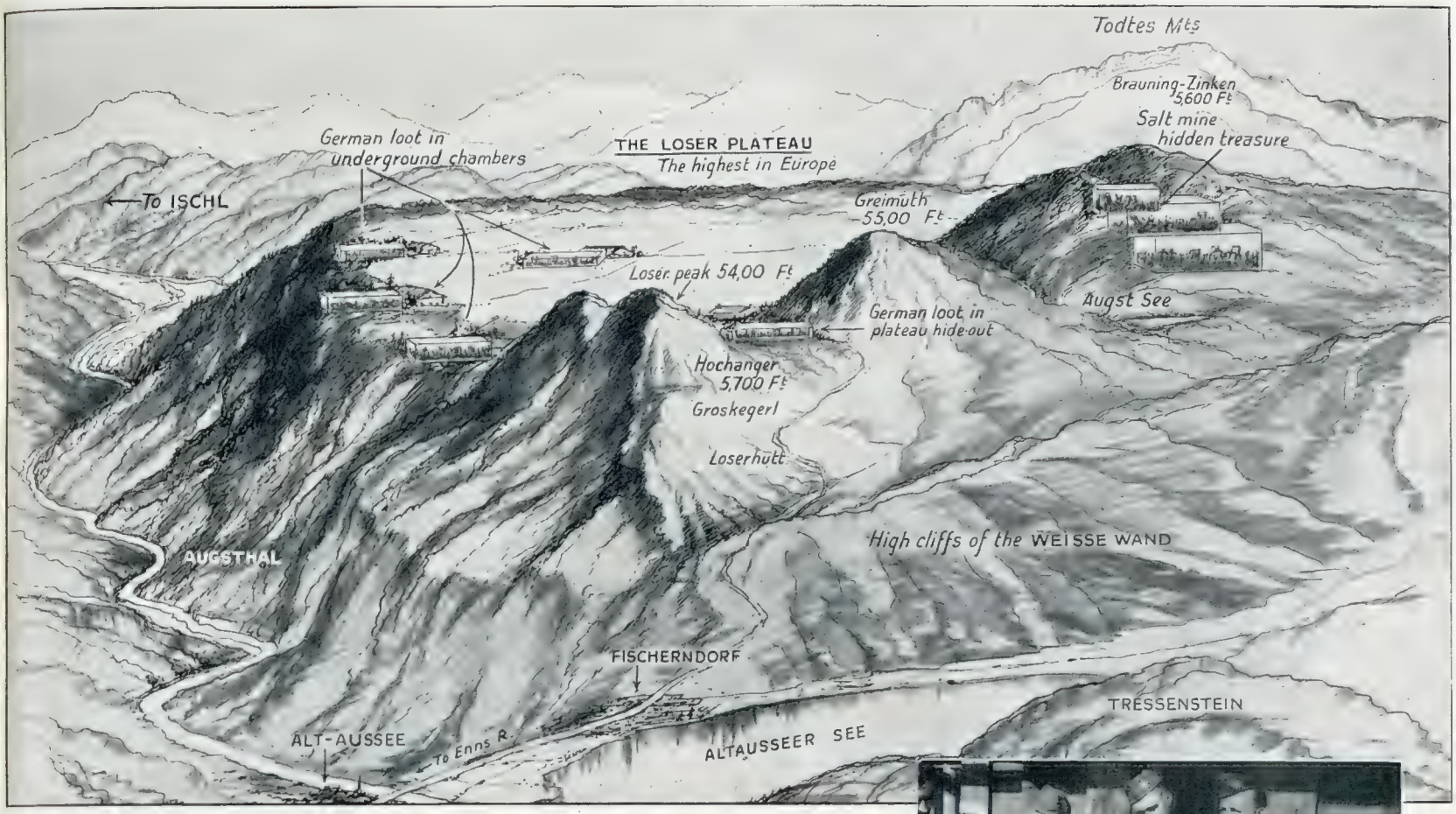
Lack of information was becoming evident as early as the beginning of the month of April. One military commentator wrote that the enemy were showing "signs of inability to enforce central direction of operations and the synchronisation of any large-scale counter-measures against our swift advances." The difficulty of maintaining communications seemed to be greatly increased during this period of retreat. Rundstedt is stated to have quitted the Army's headquarters at Ziegenberg, near Bad Nauheim, only two days before the tanks of the U.S First Army rolled in

His Headquarters consisted of seven externally camouflaged "villas" set in a pine forest below were elaborate bombproof shelters, containing among other equipment the signals offices, through which urgent orders had been sent to all parts of the German front Telephones lay smashed on the desks of staff officers who had hurriedly left.

Further south the indications were of an almost complete lack of cohesion—orders from above evidently did not carry through into this region

A SEVENTH-CENTURY OLD MASTER WHICH WAS WRAPPED ROUND A STOVEPIPE: Among Goering's many art treasures discovered in Berchtesgaden was the seventh-century oil-painting by Jan Vermeer entitled "Christ and the Adultress." It was found at the castle where the Goerings were living; he had given it to his nurse, Choista Gormans. The precious picture, estimated to be worth a million dollars, was just as he had given it to her, protected only by a blanket and wrapped round a 4-ft. length of stovepipe. "He just told me to keep this, and I need never worry for money again for the rest of my life," she said. Two American soldiers are here seen with the great canvas

***On right*—SORTING OUT THE ENORMOUS QUANTITIES OF GERMAN LOOT: A scene on the Loser Plateau above Alt Aussee, where American art experts are now going through the vast hoards of looted art treasures. When classified and their owners identified, most of them will be restored to various parts of Europe**—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*



WHERE THE GERMANS HAD MADE A HUGE ACCUMULATION OF LOOTED ART: The Loser Plateau, the highest in Europe, which is ringed round with subterranean chambers, crammed with treasures from all over Europe—*Drawing by Percy Horne.* Hitler's library and twenty cases of personal correspondence, together with a huge collection of looted art treasures worth perhaps £2,000,000, have been discovered intact in a salt-mine overlooking the Loser Plateau, the highest in Europe. Altogether in this mountainous area there are twenty depositories, fourteen of them controlled by the United States authorities and six by the Russians, but the huge collection in the salt-mine is the largest of them all. This cache was the main Nazi storehouse. At a conservative estimate, the collection is worth £2,000,000

On right—**HIMMLER'S GREAT MONEY HOARD IS DISCOVERED—currency from twenty-six nations:** Acting on information from a German officer, men of the 101st Airborne Division visited a barn in the vicinity of Berchtesgaden, removed the floor-boards and began to dig. After digging 4 ft. down, they came across eleven sacks and a metal case containing paper currency from twenty-six nations to the value of £1,000,000. This great fortune was placed there by Himmler as his "nest-egg" for his getaway to a country which he hoped would afford him refuge if Germany lost the war. The barn was inhabited by slave labourers from Nazi-conquered countries, who were put there especially to act as camouflage. Amongst the currency was £26,000 in British notes, many being £100 Bank of England notes. There were only a few Japanese notes, but bundles of Palestine money

A BRIDGING TANK MOVING UP ALONG THE ROAD SOUTH OF THE ANTWERP-TURNHOUT CANAL. The bridge has been laid on top of a Valentine tank: on arrival at the obstacle it has to bridge, it will be operated in the manner shown in the picture below. This bridge is part of the equipment of Infantry Tank Brigades

Another War Secret Revealed

"SCISSORS BRIDGE" and "THE ARK"

The British Tanks which Carry and Lay Bridges in the Field

It has now been revealed that three new bridging methods have been used by the British Army in Europe, and are now being used extensively in Burma, for crossing small rivers and canals, surmounting anti-tank ditches and concrete emplacements and forming ramps for scaling cliffs and other obstacles.

These are mobile tank bridges carried on, and laid by, our tanks. They are mounted in such a way that when tanks are held up by wide ditches or cratered roads, a bridge-laying tank can at once lay across the obstacle a bridge which all other tanks and vehicles can cross—all without a single man leaving his own tank or being exposed to enemy fire.

These bridges enable the heaviest tanks to cross ditches or craters prepared by the enemy up to 30 ft. wide and climb promenade walls over 10 ft. high. They have the great advantage that short gaps may be bridged without calling up extra equipment, and the men are protected during the operations.

For the "Scissors" bridge a Churchill tank chassis, supporting a bridge strong enough to take 33 tons, is used. The bridge is fitted to the top of the tank by supports, and an arm, worked by hydraulic pressure, on the front of the tank lifts the bridge clear of the supports, brings it over and deposits it across the gap to be bridged.

The "Ark" bridge, used by the Royal Engineers, has a superstructure on which are built two ramps which can be dropped down one front and one rear of the tank. On reaching an anti-tank ditch, the tank is ditched in it and the ramps are let down to form the bridge.

HOW THE BRIDGE IS PLACED INTO POSITION BY MECHANISM CARRIED ON, AND OPERATED BY, THE TANK ITSELF. The hydraulic arm has been lowered to the ground and is now lifting the bridge from its supports preparatory to placing it into position across the canal in the foreground

THE TYPE OF "SCISSORS" BRIDGE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO BEAR THE WEIGHT OF 38 TONS. The chassis consists of a Valentine. The bridge carried on its top is in the manner shown in the picture on the extreme right. This forms part of British Armoured Divisions: the tanks are manned by personnel of the Roy

ANOTHER TYPE OF MOBILE BRIDGE: The "ARK" BRIDGING TANKS MOVING ALONG A ROAD IN FORLI, ITALY. Two ramps are carried, and these can be dropped in front and behind, making a complete roadway over enemy obstacles, or across rivers and anti-tank ditches—in the manner shown in the picture on the right below. This type is operated by the Royal Engineers

BRITISH ARMOUR CROSSING A BRIDGE OVER A CRATER on the road to the River Elbe. This system of rapid bridging was responsible for the speed of our advance through Germany

TANKS CROSSING THE RIVER SAVIO, IN ITALY, by means of an "Ark" bridge. The "Ark" can be ditched in the water, or across an anti-tank ditch, with its ramps going down on each side for following traffic to cross over. If the gully or river is deep, one tank will be placed on top of another

OF A TANK WEIGHING
is brought over the front
art of the equipment of
Royal Armoured Corps

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE "SCISSORS" BRIDGE being lifted from its supports above the tank. The hydraulic mechanism is clearly seen in this rearward view

HOW THE "SCISSORS" GETS ITS NAME. The bridge has been lifted quite clear of its carrier; it is now being closed to bring it back into position again for transportation to another point

THE NERVE-CENTRE OF THE OPERATION: Inside the Control Room in one of the bungalows at Dungeness, where operators regulated the supply of petroleum to the Continent. One million gallons went over daily by this means

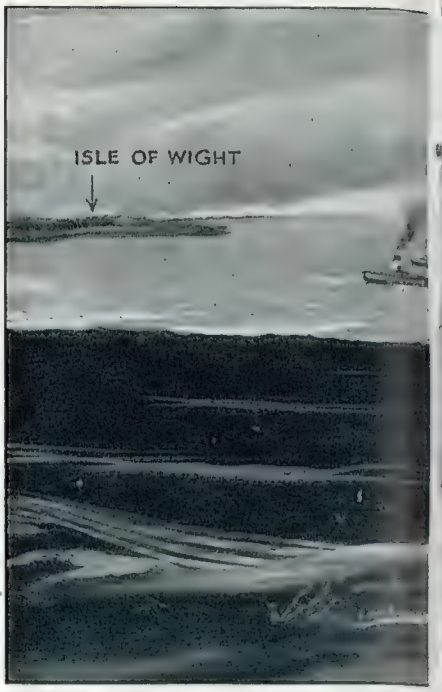
MORE ABOUT "PLUTO"

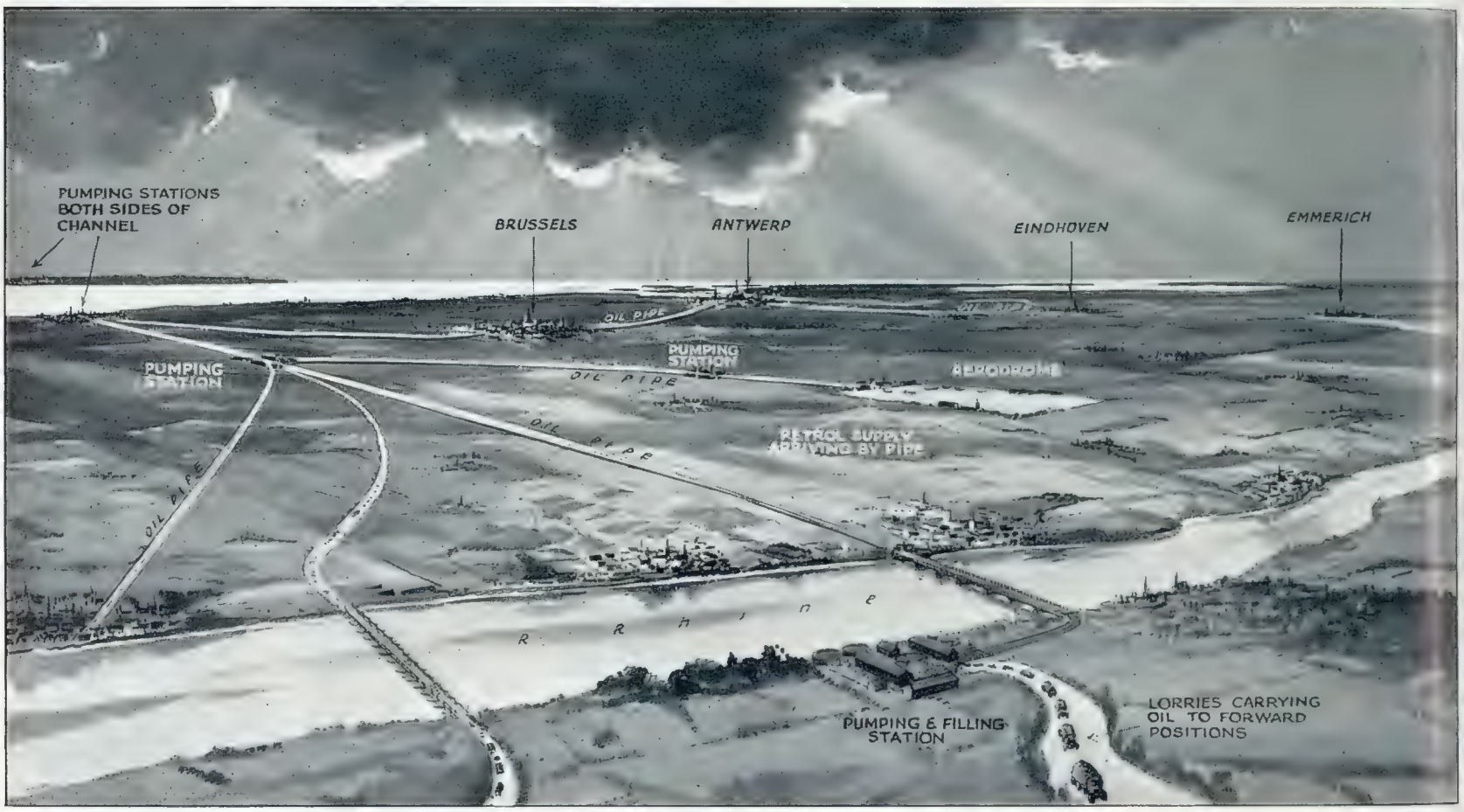
—The Pipe-line under the Ocean

The Wartime Operation which is Still Continuing, with New Pipe-lines being Laid Each Day

Through pipe-lines laid along the bed of the English Channel over 1,000,000 gallons of petrol have been fed every day to supply the Allied armies on the Continent. This triumph of British private enterprise, known as "Operation Pluto" (Pipe-Line Under the Ocean), was revealed recently.

The petrol is delivered from a 1,000-mile network of pipe-lines in Britain, running as far north as the Mersey and reaching the line under the Channel, via Dungeness. By the end of the war in Europe 120,000,000 gallons had been transported right through to the heart of Germany. The system is still in full operation, and is likely to continue for some months. Altogether twenty lines were laid, four or five of them gushing out petrol at Cherbourg, and fifteen or sixteen at Boulogne. The enterprise was urged on to success by the driving power of Mr. Churchill in his capacity as Minister of Defence.





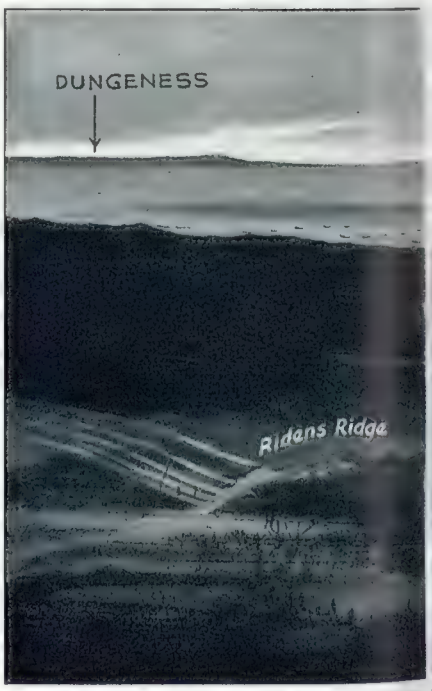
ON AUGUST 12, 1944, THE R.A.S.C. BEGAN PUMPING PETROL INTO NORMANDY FROM THE ISLE OF WIGHT: But the speed of the Allied advance soon made it necessary to extend the pipe-lines until they reached Antwerp, Eindhoven, Emmerich—and, finally, the Rhine. To-day the lines stretch from Cherbourg to Frankfurt

ONE OF THE PIPE-LINES RUNNING OUT INTO THE SEA FROM THE SOUTH COAST: The various installations were cleverly camouflaged in an old fort, a modern amusement park and in a row of seaside bungalows

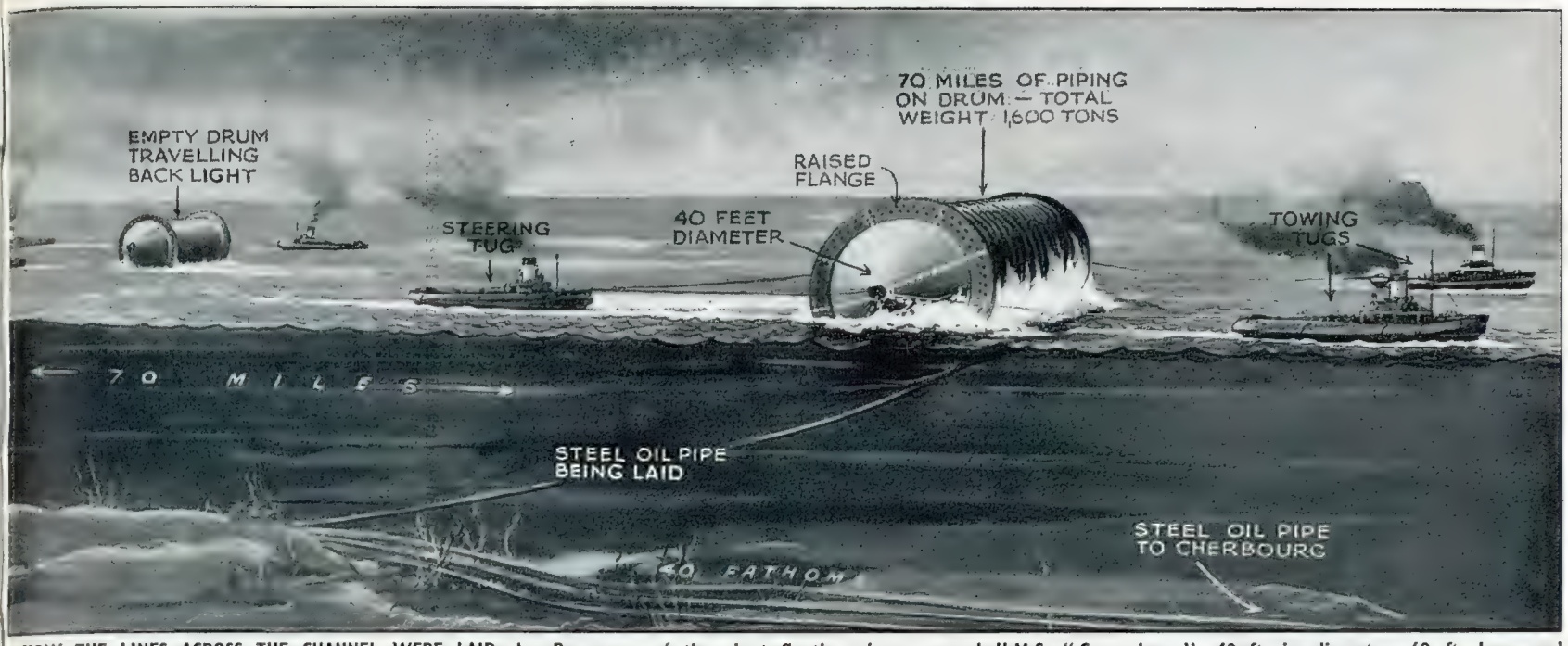
The cable pipe was given a full-scale experiment. A cable laid from Swansea to Ilfracombe, crossing the Bristol Channel, was soon delivering petrol from one shore to the other. Meanwhile, the steel-pipe method was also being developed in a specially-built factory. Then came the question of conveying and laying the pipes in the Channel. At first a hopper barge was used, with a great wheel rotating in trunnions on her deck. This was followed by the construction of a giant floating drum, with raised flanges, named H.M.S. *Conundrum*. It was 40 ft. in diameter and 60 ft. long, and could carry 70 miles of pipe-line. This great bobbin weighed as much as a destroyer—1,600 tons. Round it the welded pipe-line was wound.

With the satisfactory tests of both methods completed, the force "Pluto" was formed of a number of ships of all sizes from 10,000-ton Liberty ships down to barges and motor-boats manned by Merchant Navy seamen. Their main base was at Southampton, and they had a secondary base at Tilbury. Ashore, high-pressure pumping and storage stations were prepared, some with concrete roofs 10-ft. thick and cleverly camouflaged.

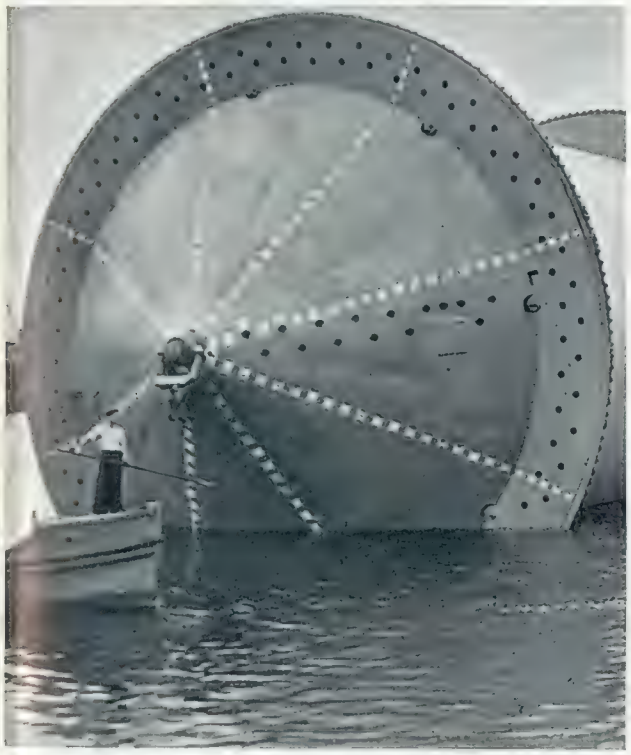
There were anxious days when they were being built. It was fully recognised that if they were detected by the enemy the whole scheme might end in disaster. An old fort, built in the reign of George III, was utilised as one pumping-station. Petrol was stored in the most unlikely places, including a golf club-house, an ice-cream factory and innocent-looking villas.



HOW THE LINES ACROSS THE CHANNEL Knowledge of the existing reefs and sixteen



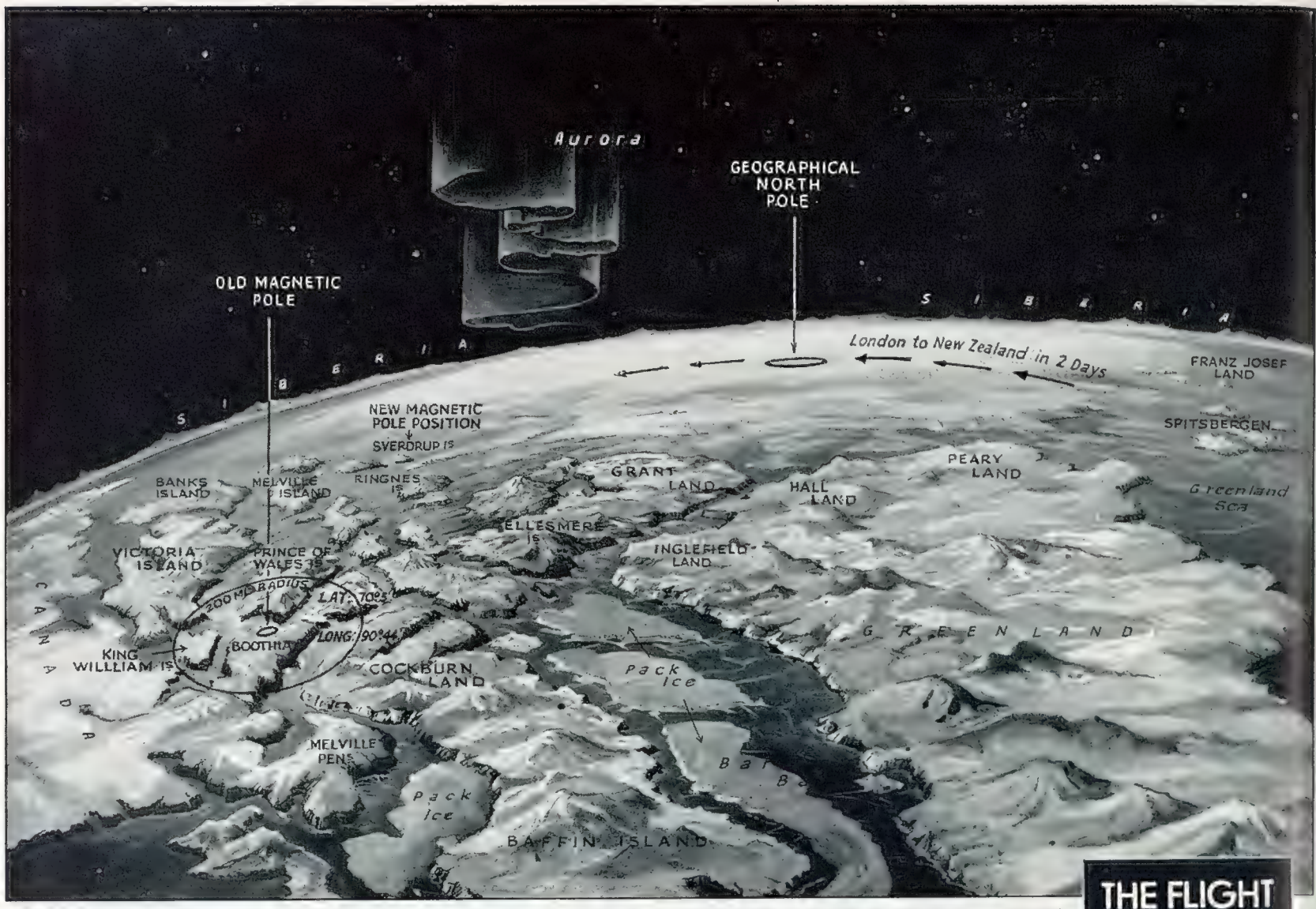
HOW THE LINES ACROSS THE CHANNEL WERE LAID—I : By means of the giant floating drum named H.M.S. "Conundrum"—40 ft. in diameter, 60 ft. long and 1,600 tons in weight when loaded. It carried 70 miles of piping and was towed by tugs, with another behind to steer it. The whole project was a major engineering feat owing to the rapidly-varying weather conditions and swift tidal streams in the Channel—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*



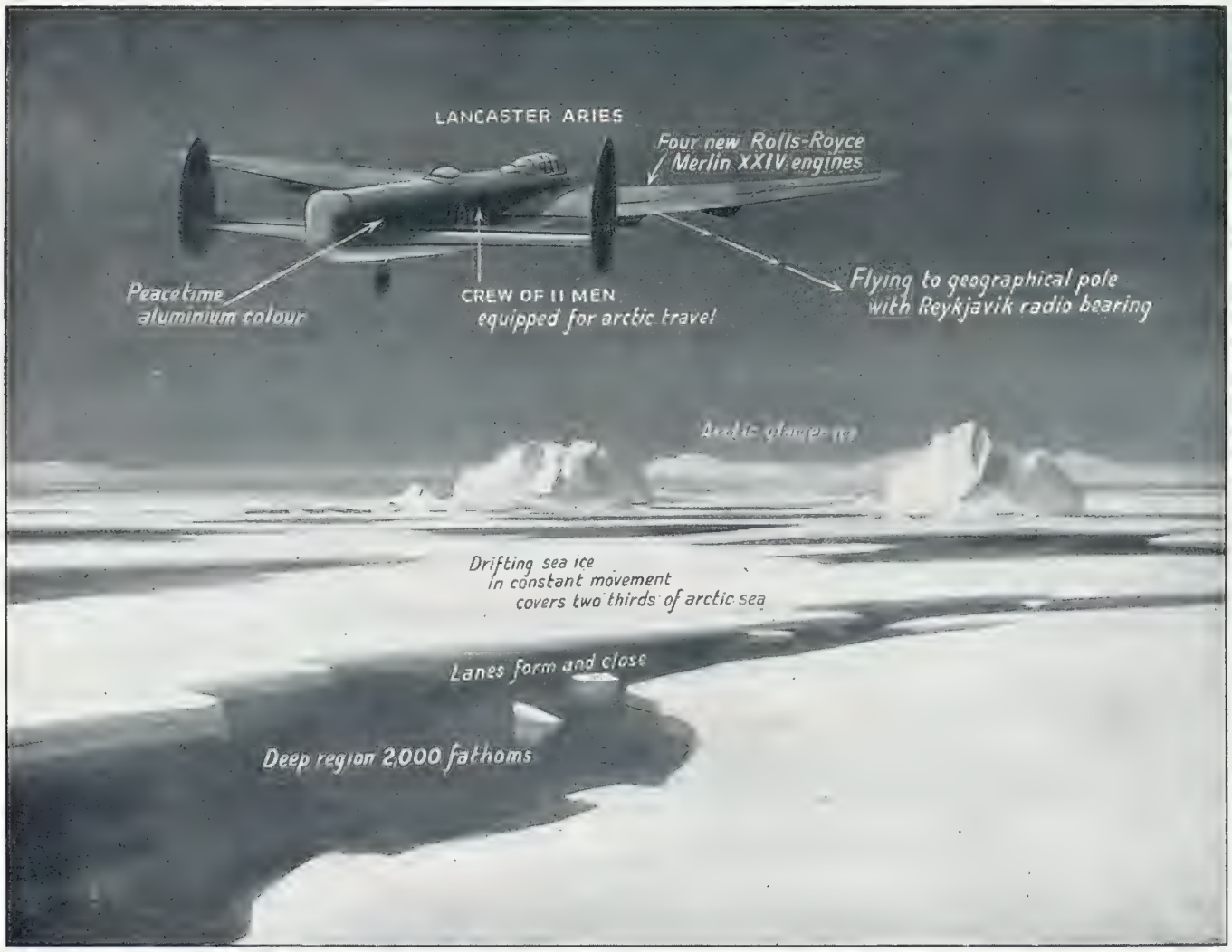
H.M.S. "CONUNDRUM" : A "Conun" being manœuvred into position for winding on the steel pipe. This huge floating reel is 40 ft. in diameter, and was towed across the Channel to lay continuous lengths of steel pipe 70 miles long

BUNGALOW PUMP-HOUSES AT DUNGENESS : These innocent-looking seaside residences were used to house the reciprocating pumps which kept the great tonnage of oil and petrol on the move towards the delivery heads in France. All these high-pressure pumping stations were cleverly camouflaged so that no inkling of their activities could be gained either from the air or from the ground

WERE LAID—II : After considerable experiment, it was decided to put down some of the lines by cable-laying vessels specially adapted and fitted-up for the purpose. ridges on the bed of the Channel helped in the project. Altogether twenty lines were laid, four or five of them gushing out petrol at Cherbourg, and fifteen or at Boulogne. The transport of petrol by this means is still continuing despite the cessation of hostilities—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*



THE DISCOVERY OF A NEW POSITION FOR THE NORTH MAGNETIC POLE, AS A RESULT OF THE RECENT FLIGHT BY THE R.A.F. LANCASTER "ARIES": The old position is indicated on the above drawing as being on the Boothia Peninsula: the suggested new position is on the Sverdrup Islands, 200 to 300 miles away and 1,500 miles from the geographical North Pole. In future world flights, it has been suggested that this discovery may be of assistance to aircraft flying from England to New Zealand in a direct line
—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*



AN IMPRESSION OF "ARIES" ON HER FLIGHT OVER THE NORTH POLE, AND THE TYPE OF POLAR LANDSCAPE WITNESSED BY HER CREW: The big R.A.F. Lancaster made flights totalling nearly 18,000 miles. She was equipped with four new Merlin XXIV engines, and carried a crew of eleven specialists, all equipped for Arctic conditions. During the flight, the aircraft was in touch with Reykjavik, in Iceland, from which station she got her bearings—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

THE FLIGHT OVER THE NORTH POLE

By a British Lancaster Locating the Position of the Magnetic Pole

On May 10, the veteran British Lancaster *Aries* set out from its base at Shawbury, near Shrewsbury, for a flight to Iceland, as part of an 18,000-mile trip over the North Pole. As a result, it is possible that the position of the North Magnetic Pole may be altered by some 200 or 300 miles: hitherto it has been assumed to be located on the Boothia Peninsula. The experts on board the *Aries*, however, now incline to the view that it is on the Sverdrup Islands, 1,500 miles from the geographical North Pole.

On purely geographical grounds, the Arctic route would give advantages to a number of possible air routes. The nearest way, for instance, between Western Canada and India is across the North Pole. Both Canada and the United States, having collaborated in the preparation of the air route through Canada to Alaska in war-time, expect to be concerned in navigating north of latitude 70° N.

But the political prospects of through lines which will pass over the Pole are not yet particularly good. Russia has shown no sign of allowing foreign air services to pass across her territory, and that territory lies athwart more than half of the possible air routes to or from the North Pole

Above—**THE "FORTS" FLY BACK: A scene on the homeward flight to the U.S.A. by way of Iceland**—*Drawing by Roland Davies.* Fifty Flying Fortresses and Liberators—the first planes of the American Eighth Air Force to return to the United States—left Britain a few days ago. Leaving their bases in this country at three-minute intervals and carrying their wartime crews, the planes returned by way of Iceland and Canada. First stop was Iceland, 1,000 miles away. It is intended that other American aircraft will also return to their bases in the United States in the same manner

Below—After having been in service in this country from January 1, 1943, the R.C.A.F. Bomber Group a few days ago began the huge task of transporting itself by air, in stages, back to Canada. Crowds of Canadian personnel, who will themselves be returning by air within the next few weeks, were present on the aerodrome. Fifteen Canadian-built Lancasters of the "Ghost Squadron" initiated the trek home from Middleton St. George airfield in Yorkshire

***Below*—HOMEWARD BOUND: The Canadian "Ghost Squadron" flies back to Canada. Two of the Lancasters lined up for the take-off at the start of the flight**

MASS FLIGHTS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

Canadian and American Squadrons Fly Back to Home Bases

THE TOWN OF LIDICE, IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA, AS IT IS TO-DAY: A woman from one of the neighbouring towns who passed by the grave and stopped to pray

PICTURES from the LIBERATED COUNTRIES —And from the United States

It is unbelievable that a town could be so erased from the earth. This photograph was made right in the centre of what had been the town of Lidice. It was levelled in June 1942, because the Nazis believed that the town was connected with the assassination of Reinhard Heydrich near Prague. What had once been a town of about a square mile, and consisting of 662 inhabitants and 100-odd buildings, was erased completely. The men were shot in groups of ten, the women were separated from their children and sent to a concentration camp, and the children were sent away, to be lost track of. The town was burned and dynamited, and Jews from a concentration camp were brought in to remove all traces of the village and bury what remained of the men who had been shot. They were then shot and buried also. The land where the village had stood was then given over to farming, to further cover all traces of the place. But it remains such a shrine in the minds of the Czechs that it will never be forgotten. It can be seen that the grave is marked merely with raised piles of dirt shaped in wooden forms to mark the spot. It is covered with floral wreaths from the towns around

FORMER FRENCH PRISONERS OF WAR PROTEST AGAINST THE BLACK MARKET IN PARIS: Three thousand returned French prisoners of war and political deportees forced their way into one of the largest department stores in Paris a few days ago, and compelled the manager to fit out a large number of them with new suits. The prisoners explained afterwards that returned prisoners received clothing coupons, but a suit at the present prices cost about £50. Here some of the ex-prisoners are seen waiting in front of the "Samaritaine" to obtain their clothes

THE GOVERNOR OF SENEGAL VISITS THE GAMBIA, IN BRITISH WEST AFRICA: In December 1944, the Governor of Gambia and Lady Blood visited St. Louis, Senegal; now M. Dagain, Governor of Senegal, has returned the visit, accompanied by Colonel Martin and M. Holderer, his Chef de Cabinet. The Governor of Senegal was met at Yandum Airport by Sir Hilary Blood and a large number of Government and Service representatives. He then drove to Bathurst through groups of cheering people. In Bathurst, after a tour of the town, the French party attended a reception given by the French community and afterwards lunched at Government House. In this picture, Sir Hilary Blood is seen with M. Dagain (behind), and with Colonel Martin, Chef de la Brigade de Senegal

AUSTRIA REVIVES A BANNED RELIGIOUS CEREMONY: At Finkstein, as the religious service comes to an end, the band strikes up. The small village children have the job of holding the music for the players

BIG QUEUES AT THE FRENCH BANKS TO CHANGE OLD NOTES FOR NEW, in order to check the operations of the Black Market: The exchange of existing currencies for notes printed in France, Britain and the United States since the liberation began on Monday of last week in French banks, post offices and Inland Revenue centres. Soldiers who had been guarding the premises since the arrival of the new notes controlled big queues. The public had to wait an hour for forms to fill in before receiving the equivalent of about £30 as a first instalment on their deposits. Parisians have grown accustomed to queueing, and there were no incidents. M. Pleven, the Finance Minister, was amongst those who waited his turn at the Bank of France

DECORATION DAY ABOARD THE AMERICAN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "FRANKLIN": A general view of the scene aboard the U.S.S. *Franklin* during the ceremonies when officers and men of the gallant "ship that wouldn't sink" were decorated by Vice-Admiral Aubrey W. Fitch. The battered *Franklin* limped 12,000 miles under her own power to Brooklyn after her insides had been torn out in an action off the coast of Japan. She was hit by a Jap dive-bomber, and her own stock of petrol and ammunition all but ripped her apart. There were 1,000 casualties on board. She will live to fight again and pay back the debt for the hundreds of her crew who died

GATHERED BELOW THE SHRINE OF LOCHERBODEN CHURCH, the mountain dwellers sing hymns at the Finkstein Festival. One of the congregation is wearing a fashionable Tyrolean hat : The Finkstein Religious Celebrations were held every year for centuries at the Shrine of Locherboden Church, at Motz, in the Austrian Tyrol. They were banned by the Nazis after the Anschluss, and have just been revived with the liberation of Austria. For this time-old ceremony, the inhabitants of the surrounding villages put on their best clothes and gather below the altar shrine built into the mountainside below the famous Alpine church. After being blessed by the Bishop of Tyrol Vorarlberg with a special prayer for the success of their crops, they gather round the village band, whose players are dressed in picturesque Tyrolean costume and who vie with each other in the rendering of Austrian folk music. The celebrations last throughout the day, the folks bringing their lunch with them and little barrels of schnapps. The revival this year was even more colourful than usual, the flags of the victorious United Nations blending with the gay hues of the national costumes.

GERMANY CELEBRATES CORPUS CHRISTI, for the first time free of the Nazi anti-religious influences : For the first time in five years the Holy Catholic Feast of Corpus Christi was celebrated in Germany on May 31, with the permission of the American Military Government. For five years the celebrations had been banned by the Nazis. Displaced persons waiting in Germany to be sent to their homelands also took part. In this picture the procession is seen arriving at a bomb-wrecked church in Mulheim for an open-air mass. The altar has been built into the doorway

THE LEVY FOR CLOTHING FOR THE VICTIMS OF BELSEN : A room in the Burgomaster's House, where the Mayor's daughter assists in sorting out the garments raised by the recent Allied levy. Clothing is still being levied from the surrounding districts to fit out the convalescing inmates of the new hospital near Belsen as and when they are able to get up from their beds. The normal procedure is to have the clothing brought to the local Burgomaster, who is responsible for checking it, for seeing that the quota demanded has been met and for transporting it to the camp

AT THE ENTRANCE TO WHAT WAS ONCE THE BELSEN CONCENTRATION CAMP—now razed to the ground by British flame-throwers : This notice reads : "This is the site of The Infamous Belsen Concentration Camp, Liberated by the British on April 15, 1945. 10,000 unburied dead were found here ; another 13,000 have since died, all of them victims of the German New Order in Europe and an example of Nazi Kultur"

AFTER THE ISLAND OF RHODES HAD BEEN LIBERATED FROM THE GERMANS : Major-General Wagner, Commander of the German forces in the Dodecanese, met the British destroyer *Kimberley* at a predetermined point near the Turkish coast. The destroyer then proceeded to the island of Symi, in the Aegean. In a small court-room on the island, Major-General Wagner signed an unconditional surrender, Brigadier J. Moffatt signing on behalf of the Supreme Commander, Mediterranean. After the surrender, at an orphanage run by Franciscan Sisters of Mercy, the children were all found to be suffering badly from malnutrition. Here Matron G. M. Saddler, in charge of the Civil Nursing Services in the Dodecanese, is seen with some of the children and the Franciscan Sisters

EMIL JANNINGS, WITH HIS WIFE (formerly Mrs. Conrad Veidt), explains why he made an anti-British film : Emil Jannings, one of the best-known of German film-stars, pleaded innocence when questioned at his St. Wolfgand home in the Austrian mountains about the anti-British film about the Boer War in which he played the part of the Boer leader Kruger. "Doctor Goebbels made me do it. I had to protect my sister and her eight children from Nazi reprisals," he said. Jannings is now sixty years of age. He jumped into prominence with Marlene Dietrich in The *Blue Angel*. His most outstanding films made in America were *The Way of All Flesh* and The *Last Command*. Before the war Jannings was reputed to be a millionaire

MOTOR-CAR FACTORIES ARE BEING RAPIDLY CONVERTED FROM WAR TO PEACE PRODUCTION : New cars are here seen in production at the Morris Motors factory at Cowley, Oxford. The first deliveries will be to motorists who obtain "Licenses to Acquire" from the Ministry of War Transport; but Sir Miles Thomas, Vice-Chairman of Morris Motors, says that the rate of production will accelerate rapidly, and before the end of the year the Company should be in a position to supply private owners, and thus put an end to the present "racket" in second-hand motor-cars

THE WORLD'S SMALLEST "AIRCRAFT-CARRIER" travels by land or by sea : it can transport the heaviest bombers

It is here being handled in mid-air by dockers at Southampton, Besides transporting normal loads, this powerful, flat-topped craft—which rides almost level with the surface of the sea—can take every type of aircraft from larger ships which cannot reach the mainland through narrow or shallow approaches

ITEMS OF HOME NEWS SHOWN IN PICTURES

IN HISTORIC WESTMINSTER HALL : Preparations for the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament. These huts, to be used as temporary offices during the building of the new House of Commons, are being put up on the 80-yards-long floor of Westminster Hall. A start has also been made in restoring the glass windows, previously covered with black material. Since it was built by William Rufus, Westminster Hall has been used for many purposes, including Court assemblies, theatrical shows, Coronation feasts, and trials. From the time of Edward II shops and stalls lined the Hall

A GAINSBOROUGH MASTER IS AUCTIONED FOR 4,800 GUINEAS : The scene as "A Seaside Landscape" was held up for view : there was lively bidding for it. "A Seaside Landscape," the Gainsborough painting formerly in the collection of Mr. George J. Gould, of New York, was auctioned at Christie's on June 1. The painting shows the scene in an English bay, with two men drawing a net, a boy filling a basket, and a dog running into the water. It was sold for 4,800 guineas to Frost and Reed, art dealers, of Bristol. Other old masters from the historic Elizabethan mansion of Charlecote Park, Warwickshire, were also sold

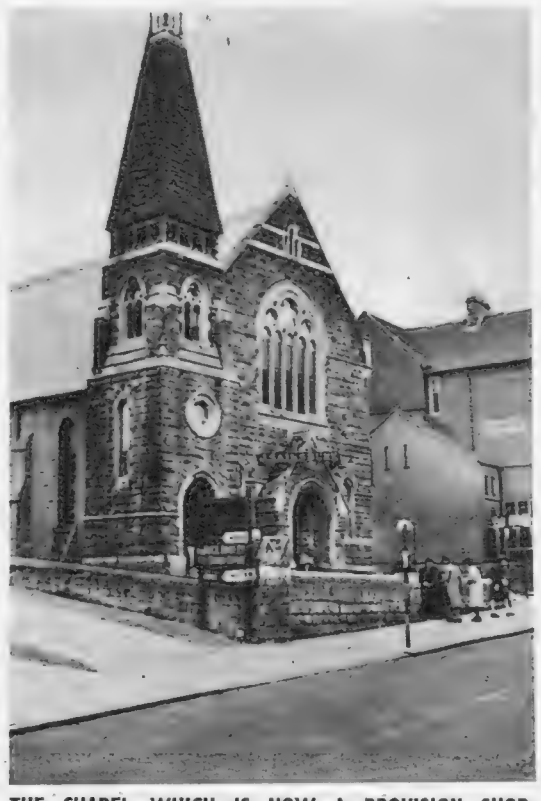
THE INVASION COAST PREPARES TO WELCOME SUMMER VISITORS : At Clacton-on-Sea, one of the seaside resorts on the East Coast long prohibited to holiday-makers, men are busy at work clearing the front and beautifying the gardens, to welcome the visitors who are already arriving for the summer season. Here the gardeners are seen at work near the sea

CLOVELLY, ON THE DEVON COAST, IS LOOKING FORWARD TO A HOLIDAY INVASION : Before the war the only traffic in the cobbled High Street of Clovelly, in North Devon, was by donkey. The donkeys wore special shoes to enable them to climb the 175 steps which make up this quaint street. To-day, there are only four donkeys at work under Donald Hartop, the sixty-five-year-old donkey-master, who has been climbing up and down the steps of Clovelly's street for fifty years

LUTON—ONCE FAMED FOR HATS—IS NOW JUST AS PROUD OF ITS BABIES! Baby Roger Newton, seven-and-a-half months old, looks up from the special scales as they register his weight of 18 lb. 4½ oz. The background is crowded with a dozen other babies

ELEVEN-DAYS-OLD LEONARD RAMSBOTHAM HAS A BATH. Bathing him is Nurse Jagger, who is learning midwifery at the Luton Borough Maternity Hospital: Before the war, 16,000 out of Luton's population were engaged in the hat trade. Now there are only 4,000. Before the war an average of 1,500 babies were born there every year. The year 1944 saw 2,757 new Luton citizens arrive. Hats have slumped: babies have boomed. The Luton Public Health Department, trying to find the reason behind this phenomenal rise in the birth-rate, is carrying out a survey. Luton's Council has devoted a lot of attention to midwifery and child welfare over the last nine years. Child welfare in Luton begins with the care of the unborn child. Ante-natal clinics are placed where mothers can easily attend. Health-workers visit at their homes to give advice. Experts talk to them about hygiene. The town has two child health-centres with the latest medical equipment, and five outlying centres

TEARING DOWN THE WARTIME "BLAST WALLS": Workmen busy demolishing blast walls outside London's tube stations. These are the last of the shelter obstructions to be removed by the L.P.T.B. Here Mr. Podginton, stationmaster of South Wimbledon Station, is helping the workmen in front of his station



THE CHAPEL WHICH IS NOW A PROVISION SHOP: In London Road, East Grinstead, a disused chapel is now being used as a provision shop. The old premises of Messrs. Sainsbury were demolished by a flying bomb, and the chapel proved to be the only available premises suitable for the purpose

BRITISH BRIDES WEAR AMERICAN TROUSSEAUX: At the Royal College of Nursing, Mrs. H. Hough puts the finishing touches to a dress which will be worn by the bride of a returned prisoner-of-war. A year ago twenty-four American women sent their wedding dresses to Britain, so that brides would be able to appear in a full trousseau despite the rationing of clothes. Since they arrived, most of the dresses have been worn by at least twenty brides, and only two have had to be put away because of their outworn condition. At the Royal College of Nursing Mrs. Hough is putting the finishing touches to her latest job—preparing one of the American trousseaux, donated by Mrs. Mervyn G. Pierpoint, for a British bride's marriage to a returned prisoner-of-war

A HOUSE AT CROYDON IS ASSEMBLED AND FINISHED IN FOUR HOURS: On the left, the last section is being pushed into position; on the right, the front garden of the pre-fabricated dwelling receives expert touches from a specialist. How to assemble a prefabricated house, lay out the front garden and furnish the house in a matter of four hours was demonstrated on a parking lot behind Kennard's offices at North End, Croydon, on June 5. The work was begun at 9 a.m., and by a few minutes before 1 p.m. the whole job had been satisfactorily completed

THE NEW COMET TANK WHICH HELPED THE BRITISH VICTORY ON THE WESTERN FRONT. None of these was ever captured by the Germans : The Comet is the latest, fastest and most heavily-armoured cruiser tank built in British factories. A descendant of the Cromwell and powered with Rolls-Royce Meteor engines, it carries heavier armour and a very hard-hitting 77-mm. gun with new gun-laying devices which make it the most accurate tank we have. Release of information about this weapon had to be withheld because none of the Comet tanks had fallen into enemy hands, although they played a major part in the operations between the Rhine and the Elbe

THE BRITISH NAVY'S GIFT TO RUSSIA : the "Royal Sovereign" flying the Red flag early in 1944. This picture was taken when the British battleship *Royal Sovereign* was handed over to the Russian Navy at a British port early in 1944. At the same time, four British submarines—*Ursula*, *Unison*, *Unbroken* and *Sunfish*—and eight destroyers were handed over to M. Gusev, the Russian ambassador. They were in place of Russia's share in the surrendered Italian Fleet. Renamed the *Archangel*, the ex-British battleship is now the largest unit of the Red Fleet

BLUNTING the BLUE PENCIL

How the British Censorship was Operated for Nearly Six Years

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

ALMOST every day some major wartime secret is being released officially by the Censorship, acting on instructions from the Cabinet. The first was "Mulberry," followed in succession by weather reports, "Pluto" (Pipe-Line Under the Ocean), "Fido" (Fog—Intensive Dispersal of), the flame protection for our sea-coast in the event of invasion, and a series of disclosures about the loss of cruisers and destroyers, together with damage done to battleships and big troopships, like *King George V* and the *Queen Mary*. Only Fleet Street knows how cramping the restrictions were (and still are). On D-Day there were no fewer than 284 Press Censors in Great Britain, stationed in London, Glasgow, Belfast, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Bristol and Cardiff. There were also censors in the field all over the Middle East and South-East Asia. Besides these there were (and still are) hundreds of postal and telegraph censors who are liable to open every letter that enters or leaves this country. Before this appears in print the censorship on trans-Atlantic mail is likely to be raised. One could write reams about these postal and telegraph censors, of their sojourn in Bermuda, of their activities in censoring letters inside this country, quite apart from those coming or going overseas. I am, however, primarily concerned here with the Press Censors, the nucleus of whom were called up during the Munich scare and kept for a couple of days before being disbanded. They were reassembled a week before Hitler invaded Poland. There are still 216 of them in full working order now.

The history of modern censorship begins with the scoop of the now-defunct *Globe* newspaper, which printed the details of the secret treaty between Russia and Great Britain in 1878. The disclosures were sufficiently embarrassing as to compel the Government to pass the Official Secrets Act. This was to involve a series of Defence Notices to editors which were issued as directives by the various Government departments to the Press, showing what it would be undesirable in the national interest to publish. The principle was that the Press should be advised in regard to what they should not publish as being military information of value to the enemy. To achieve this, meetings took place between the newspaper proprietors and the Government departments, at which a list of subjects which would be dangerous to publish without advice from the censors was agreed upon. By a typical British compromise it was decided that, while it would not be an offence to abstain from submitting copy for censorship, the editor and writer of anything deleterious to the national effort would be immediately liable to prosecution. If the prosecution took place in a police court, the defendants were liable to a maximum sentence of three months' imprisonment and a fine of £100. If, however, the case was heard before judge and jury, the maximum sentence was two years' imprisonment and a £500 fine. Four prosecutions have, in fact, been initiated by the Ministry of Information during the war, while others were sponsored by Government departments—the object in these cases being to punish the officer, man or official responsible for the leakage.

So much for newspaper copy, the information contained in which was acquired in the ordinary course of events. War correspondents accredited to any of the three Services have had to give a specific undertaking that they would automatically submit for censorship anything they wrote—in return for the facilities granted to them by the Service to which they were attached. This censorship included not only security—in other words, the deletion of news which could be of specific value to the enemy—but also Service suitability, which might affect the morale of the troops or the public. Thus, if a correspondent visited a detachment of W.R.N.S. and tried to say in print that the bulk of them had fat legs or ugly faces, this particular piece of bad taste would be censored.

War correspondents, of course, frequently complained that they had been unduly censored, but few of them, particularly in the early part of the war, had any knowledge of soldiering, and were therefore incapable of knowing what would be of military value to the enemy.

Unless one is in the Intelligence Branch of one of the three fighting Services, it is impossible to know what information can be secured by the enemy from the most innocent phrase, if it is read in conjunction with some other innocent phrase written by someone totally different, but reaching Germany at about the same time. It must always be remembered that the London newspapers were in Berlin by the following evening, having been flown *via* Lisbon. Even now, the gist of to-day's newspapers will be in Tokyo by to-morrow evening—cabled or radioed by the Japanese Legation from one or other of the neutral capitals.

No wonder, therefore, that there are still 216 Press Censors still employed by the Ministry of Information. No wonder, too, that there are literally hundreds of war weapons, ranging from battleships to parachutes, which are still on the Secret List. It is only when one of these weapons falls into the hands of the enemy, and the Admiralty, War Office or Air Ministry experts feel convinced that its secrets have been discovered by the Japanese, that a mention of them (the war weapons) will be officially released in this country. Throughout the war we have never disclosed new types of aircraft, bombs, guns, infantry weapons or anything else, including Bailey bridges, until our experts were convinced that the enemy had been able to check up on them. The exception was the Crocodile flame-throwing tank, for mention of its existence was printed, although none fell into the hands of the enemy. Its qualities, however, were sufficiently obvious to the Germans as to permit a general release to be made of it.

THE GERMANS HAD THEIR WAR SECRETS TOO : Since the Allied occupation of the Reich, a number of Nazi secrets have been discovered. Here is one found by men of the U.S. Seventh Army—the gas shell, which the Germans obviously intended to use on the West Front. On the left is the shell casing, made of cement. The glass tube on the right is filled with chlorine and is fitted inside the casing with the tip facing towards the nose On impact, this tip is broken and the gas allowed to escape

The British Press suffered considerably from this form of censorship, for it gave the impression to the war workers who made the weapons, and to the Service men who used them, that the British newspapers were very dilatory in publishing interesting news. Similarly, the troops, particularly men in infantry regiments, were irritated because the names of their formations could not be printed until some of them had been captured and identified by German interrogating officers. Everyone can recall many references to "distinguished regiments" when the war correspondents were trying to refer to the 60th Rifles, the Irish Guards, the Royal Welch Fusiliers or some other historic regiment. This actually meant that the more efficient the battalion—not having any of its outposts overrun—the less recognition it secured. Censorship of naval units had to be even more rigorous. The exploits of a destroyer flotilla, for example, could not be mentioned until the flotilla had returned to port. Even then the news might have to be suppressed in case a similar job was to be done again. With the R.A.F. it was more simple. Aircraft were bound to be back within a few hours after a sortie, and so the "strike" could be given in some detail.

There were two famous occasions when there were leakages of news. The first was when a correspondent of the *New York Times* sent a series of ten innocent-looking cables, the last letter of each adding up to the news that the cruiser *Belfast* had been sunk. The second was very recently, when Kennedy, the war correspondent of A.P., used an uncensored military telephone to break the news of the Rheims surrender. In the United States, it may be pointed out, there is a certain amount of censorship, but the penalties for editors are not applicable unless it can be proved that what they have printed was done "with treacherous intent." Incidentally, there are no regional censors in the United States.

In addition to the censorship of written messages, and messages for broadcasting by the B.B.C., there was (and is), of course, censorship of photographs and films, particularly news-reels. Several censors were specially engaged on this job, but their task was made comparatively easy by the Control of Photography Order. This Order prevented anyone taking certain types of photographs unless they held a "red" permit, which was issued on the same basis as facilities to war correspondents, therefore involving a promise to submit everything taken by the holder of the permit. With regard to blitz pictures and those taken of V 1 damage, the general principle was to allow photographs to be published twenty-eight days after the incident, provided that they did not show damage to any military objectives. There were two exceptions to this. The first was during the short, sharp blitzes of February and March 1944, when it looked as if the Luftwaffe was adopting our Pathfinder technique, and six weeks was the minimum period before photographs of the damage done were released. The second was with the V 1's, where a special release of photographs was granted between three and five days after the

WHEN MALTA WAS IN DIRE PERIL IN NOVEMBER 1942: The minelayer "Manxman" takes troops and supplies to the beleaguered Mediterranean island. *Manxman* is one of the fastest vessels in the British Navy: for this reason she was chosen to relieve Malta in the dark days of November 1942. Here she is seen during her dash to the island, made at top speed through the hostile waters of the Mediterranean and loaded with badly-needed supplies and troops

A WAR FACTORY UNDER THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT: One of the assembling shops set up in a passage—a picture taken on June 2. The existence of a war factory beneath the Houses of Parliament has only just been revealed. The factory, which has been in operation for two-and-a-half years, is working on an important secret contract for the prosecution of the Japanese War. During its first eighteen months the factory inspected and assembled more than 2,000,000 shell-fuse parts for the Ministry of Supply's Armament Inspection Department. It also made weapons to counteract the flying bomb. The factory occupies an area of about 300 square yards—one large vault and a number of passages

"incident" if they had a very special news value, such as the destruction of an historic church. Photographs of V 2's were suppressed, and no reference to their locality was permitted until April 26, 1945, although the first "flying gas main" fell at Chiswick on September 8, 1944. The fact that any of them had landed in this country was not mentioned until nine weeks later, following a German announcement on the subject.

Our censorship, it must be pointed out, was normally never affected by German announcements, which were always regarded as being put out for the purpose of fishing for information. If the truth were known, German censorship was much less rigorous than ours, particularly in their local newspapers, and much information was collected from the Reich's provincial Press. Our provincial Press was carefully censored in view of the information innocently but dangerously divulged in the last war. Nevertheless, Lord Haw-Haw made great play of items which he secured from provincial newspapers in this country.

Advertisements in both provincial and national newspapers had also to be censored here. Advertisements, even in parish magazines, can give away a great deal of information about such things as troop movements. There was a tremendous to-do quite early in the war about a section of the Admiralty having gone to Bath. For this information was duly recorded by Lord Haw-Haw. Nobody knew how he had secured this secret news. Actually, an hotel in Bath had innocently informed its clients by an advertisement in one of the London newspapers that it could not give accommodation in view of its having been commandeered by the Admiralty.

Even when the war with Japan has been brought to a successful termination, the Official Secrets Act will continue. Between 1919 and 1926 numbers of valuable disclosures were made by retired officers and even agents of all the belligerents. This time we have no intention of allowing such things to occur again. Our latest tactical methods of hunting submarines will naturally remain secret, as a case in point. Further developments in Radar for navigational use by the R.A.F. will also be kept secret. New tanks, new infantry weapons, will also come under the Official Secrets Act, and just as a reminder that, though the blue pencil has been blunted, it is still functioning in a big way, I must point out that this article will go, with its duplicate, to the censors in the usual way, and as I write I have no idea how much of this will be deleted until I see it in print. SPHERE readers never will know, because it is agin' the normal censorship rules to show where an excision has been made.

On right—The damage shown in the picture was inflicted by six high-explosive bombs and a number of incendiary bombs which fell between September 1940 and February 1944, and by one flying bomb which fell in August 1944. Damage was mainly confined to business premises. The road stretching across the centre of the picture and crossing the Metropolitan Railway is Clerkenwell Road. Running from it to the bottom-right of the picture is Hatton Garden. Farringdon Road runs alongside the railway, on its far side

AFTER THE COMING OF THE V-BOMBS, all information regarding the results in London and "South-East England" was carefully watched by the censors: This is a picture, taken in April 1945, of the Farringdon Road area of the Borough of Holborn, which has only recently been released for publication

On right—In October 1940 a landmine fell in Barnfield Gardens at the rear of Wrottesley Road, killing fourteen people and injuring thirty. Twenty houses were destroyed and 800 damaged. In June 1944, a flying bomb landed in the Genesta Road, near Wrottesley Road. There were two killed, five detained in hospital and twenty other casualties from this "incident." Two houses were demolished and twenty-five badly damaged. Another flying bomb fell in August 1944 on waste ground at the rear of Genesta Road and Eglinton Hill, causing two slight casualties. There was blast damage to houses. The portion at the bottom of the photograph was being cleared for housing purposes before the start of the war

A PICTURE FROM THE AIR OF PART OF THE BOROUGH OF WOOLWICH: Three "incidents" resulting from enemy action occurred in the area shown in this photograph. One occurred in the autumn of 1940, and two in the summer of 1944: details of them are given on the left

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

EXPERT POLITICAL PAMPHLETEERING

Captain Quintin Hogg's Able Polemics—With Reviews of Other Interesting Books of the Week

IT is fortunate that this page has to do with literature and not politics: otherwise, the sight of THE LEFT WAS NEVER RIGHT by Quintin Hogg, M.P. (Faber. 4s. 6d.), among the batch of this week's books would be disconcerting. Its literary merit is quite easily dealt with, for it has no pretensions to any such thing. "Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee" is streamlined across the wrapper; and it appears to be an expert piece of political pamphleteering, designed to challenge those publications of Mr. Gollancz by authors using Roman pseudonyms. The yellow, red and black of those books has for some time bestrewn the bookstalls; but so far I have escaped

COURSE FOR CANDIDATES: Mr. Richard Law, Minister of Education, addressing Conservative Candidates at the Royal Empire Society recently, where a series of subjects, including housing, social services, foreign policy, etc., were discussed. Mr. Law, in the absence of Mr. Anthony Eden, lectured on British Foreign Policy

a sight of the inside of any one of them. I am aware that my allergy to these things is open to criticism by those who believe, with John Donne, that no man is an island; and I have more than once been told that no citizen can escape the political consequences of his or her political action or inaction. Nevertheless, I have a feeling that I am perhaps typical of a large number of people who would prefer to remain without hard and fast political allegiances.

It is just possible that we are those upon whom the big Party broadsides are being trained in this electoral struggle. We are the unknown quantity: we are the quarry; and I suppose it is we who eventually will have to put one or the other of them into power.

The trouble about these things is that we never seem to be presented with a straight issue. Should it be Winston Churchill or Major Attlee who shall represent the British Empire in forthcoming conferences with Uncle Joe is something upon which I imagine most of us would be able to make up our minds. But when we have also to decide whether we prefer to be governed by a group who might endanger our savings by letting loose the wolves of free enterprise upon an unrestricted market, or by another lot who would sequester our little bits of property in the name of State Ownership, is another matter. In the constituencies it is even more difficult; and there are some of us who may not particularly enjoy being faced with the only alternative of a die-hard Conservative or a Communist.

Reading Captain Quintin Hogg's able polemics, well documented, annotated and designed to answer Mr. Gollancz's band of Romans in kind, one cannot help regretting that some of the old punch seems to have gone out of political life. Nothing so devastatingly witty as Labouchere's comment on Gladstone: "I don't mind his always having an ace up his sleeve, but why is he so sure that the Almighty put it there?" appears in this book. Mostly it consists of well-mannered *tu quoque*, as, for instance: "If it is thought of interest to the electorate to publish the number of seats on a board of directors held by the Conservative Party in the House of Commons, I suggest that it is also of interest to them to know the number of Conservative Members compared with their rivals who in either war served their country, died for their country, or were decorated in the field. The number of V.C.s and D.S.O.s is at least as material as the number of directorships. I should prefer that neither list were published. But if either is to be given out, then let us have both."

The lists reveal that 136 Conservative M.P.s have served in this war, fourteen Socialist and fifteen of other parties, including Independents. Of those who have died for their country, there appear to be ten Conservatives, one Liberal and no others. No doubt Captain Hogg regards this as an apt rejoinder to the lists of company directors, etc., printed by the Romans; but I cannot help wondering whether, in the list of M.P.s who have served, some of them whose uniform has taken them little further than an office desk, and in places less exposed to danger than, say, the London streets, will not feel uneasy to find themselves bracketed with such heroes as Captain Sidney, V.C.

CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATES LISTEN TO THE LECTURES: A view of the Auditorium at the Royal Empire Society. The Lecturers were Mr. M. S. McCorquodale, Mr. A. Lennox-Boyd, Colonel Harold Mitchell, Mr. Richard Law, Captain P. Thorneycroft, Sir Robert Topping, Miss M. Maxse, the Rt. Hon. H. V. Willink, the Rt. Hon. R. H. Hudson and Mr. Henry Brook

These things apart, I may perhaps be permitted an old-fashioned prejudice against the use of the words "Left" and "Right" in British politics. The division seems to me to have an artificial, Continental air, and to be out of place in a country in which the good old labels Tory, Liberal and even Labour have meanings which are well understood.

Acting on what he regarded then and now as very good advice from his publishers, Mr. Evelyn Waugh prefaced his first novel some years ago with the warning that it "was meant to be funny." Now, "in a more sombre decade," he writes, "I must provide unsympathetic critics with another text, and, in honesty to the patrons who have supported me hitherto, state that BRIDESHEAD REVISITED (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d.) is *not* meant to be funny."

A critic would, in fact, have to be not merely unsympathetic but singularly bone-headed to find any trace of frivolity in the intention of Mr. Waugh's new novel, which is nothing less than to trace the workings of the divine purpose in a pagan world in the lives of an English Catholic family between the years 1923 and 1939. The family is the great one of Flyte, whose head, the Marquis of Marchmain, lives in voluntary exile in Europe with a charming and intelligent mistress, leaving the management of his English homes and his children to his wife—"that Reinhardt nun"—and his elder son, the Earl of Brideshead, an obstinate, uncompromising but not a proselytising Catholic.

"Bridey's" young brother Sebastian, and his lovely sister Julia are, however, the characters through which the author has illustrated his theme. At Oxford with the volatile Sebastian is young Charles Ryder, whose sacred and profane memories this book claims to be, and it is first of all through his close friendship with the boy, and, much later through his love for Julia, that the progression of the family's tragedy and, if you will, the redemption of its spirit is observed.

Sebastian passes from an hilarious and inspired gaiety to wildness, to dissipation and finally to a sottish drunkenness and a condition of life which would seem hopeless by even the most elastic of social conventions. Julia, after an empty and disillusioning ten years of marriage with a sham political thruster (a vicious portrait, this), falls deeply in love with Charles Ryder, and their affair ends only with her own profound consciousness of sin and of "setting up a rival good to God's." Sebastian, meanwhile, has attached himself to a monastery in North Africa, and there, in the capacity of guide and odd-job man, and between bouts of drinking, is spending the last months of his short life.

Lord Marchmain has returned to England to die, and to receive the last sacraments in his own home; Ryder himself has found some consolation through their faith and through the "ancient, newly-learned form of words." Inevitably most readers will consider this new book of Mr. Waugh's first as a novel, and secondly as an affirmation of a personal faith. I did so myself, and think it the reasonable point of view. The spiritual considerations it raises are not, I think, a matter for a critic of books. So, as such, let me say that this is probably the best, the fullest, and certainly the most mature novel that Mr. Waugh has written.

The smallest, but not the slightest, book of the week is S. E. Van Praag's DAUGHTER OF FRANCE (Heinemann. 3s. 6d.); a brief but potent expression of a country's spirit which makes the best, the most hopeful kind of reading.

It is a little story, told with the greatest simplicity of art, about a plain Breton girl, a *petite bourgeoise*, who loves and looks after a little boy, the son of a gay and adventurous sailor who is her beloved cousin. The man and the child's mother had only a casual affair, and he is glad to entrust the child to his stolid young relation, who braves a great deal of village gossip in adopting it.

When the Germans invade France she brings the child to England, working for it, and neither asking nor receiving any reward. "France was with her, she knew not how or why. France was saved, and she was the bearer of the hoard as in her dream. She put her hand on the shoulder of the child she was taking away." And later, "She was glad to have saved a French child, and, above all, a sailor's child. Oh, she would like to have saved armfuls of them, armfuls of the good French seed from which sprang men like Jean, gay sailors whose smile lights up a whole grey, flat town. Poppies in a meadow. Thus mused this grave-faced girl."

This little book is like the outline of a great story. Mrs. Enid York's translation could not, I think, be improved.

Contrary to sceptical public opinion, there is nothing a book critic enjoys more than finding a really satisfying new novel, a well-contrived mystery story or, most of all, a genuinely interesting new writer. Such a one, to me, at least, is Mr. James Norman, whose speciality appears to be adventure stories with a contemporary Chinese setting.

AN INCH OF TIME (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.) has a background of the Chinese War, and is concerned *au premier plan* with a Japanese plot to export heroin in hollowed jade; the jade being innocently and expertly collected by a big American firm. The story begins in deepest China a few days before Pearl Harbour, and finds a nice American tough—and jade expert—following up a trail to discover the head of the organisation who has been implicating him, and who has murdered his partner.

Into the plot step an attractive American girl, with a suspicious number of Japanese friends, a beguiling Mexican bandit and an Eurasian *femme fatale* with the inappropriate name of Mountain of Virtue. I might say that when I say plot in this case, I mean plot: a well-designed sequence of events, never without logic, yet never without surprise. In this story you don't know who's going to pull the next gun, but you do care. Remember this author.

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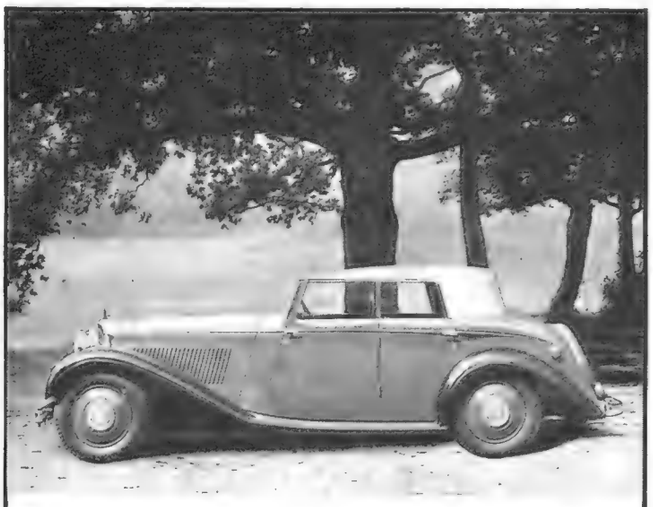

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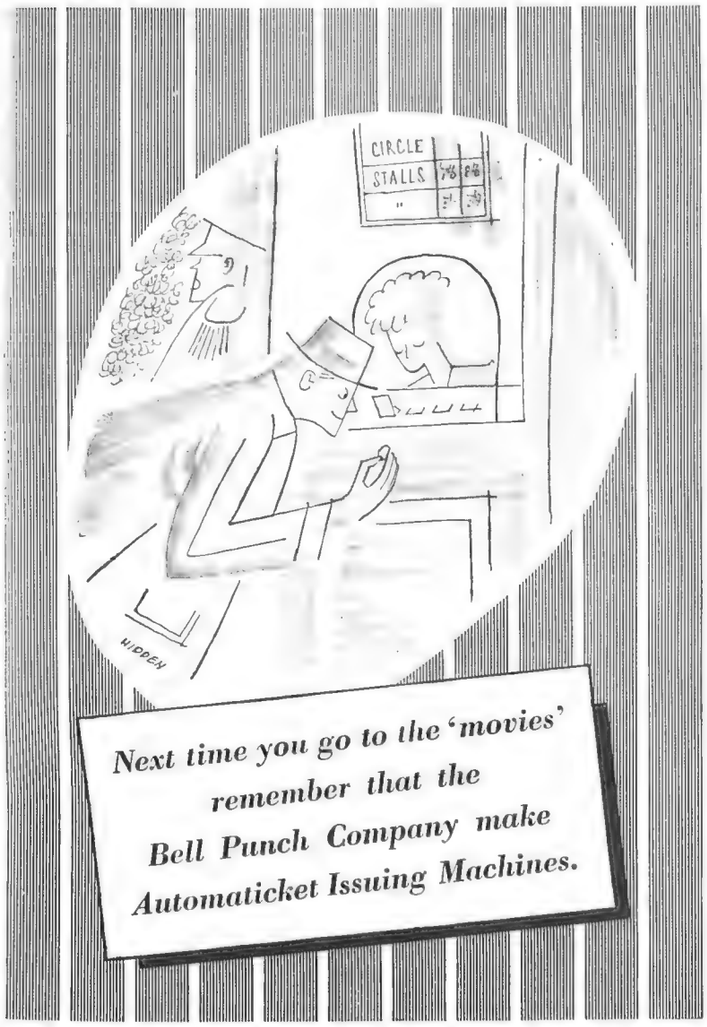

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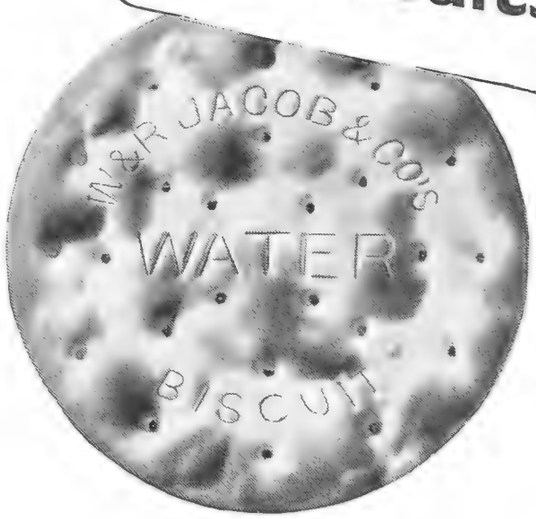

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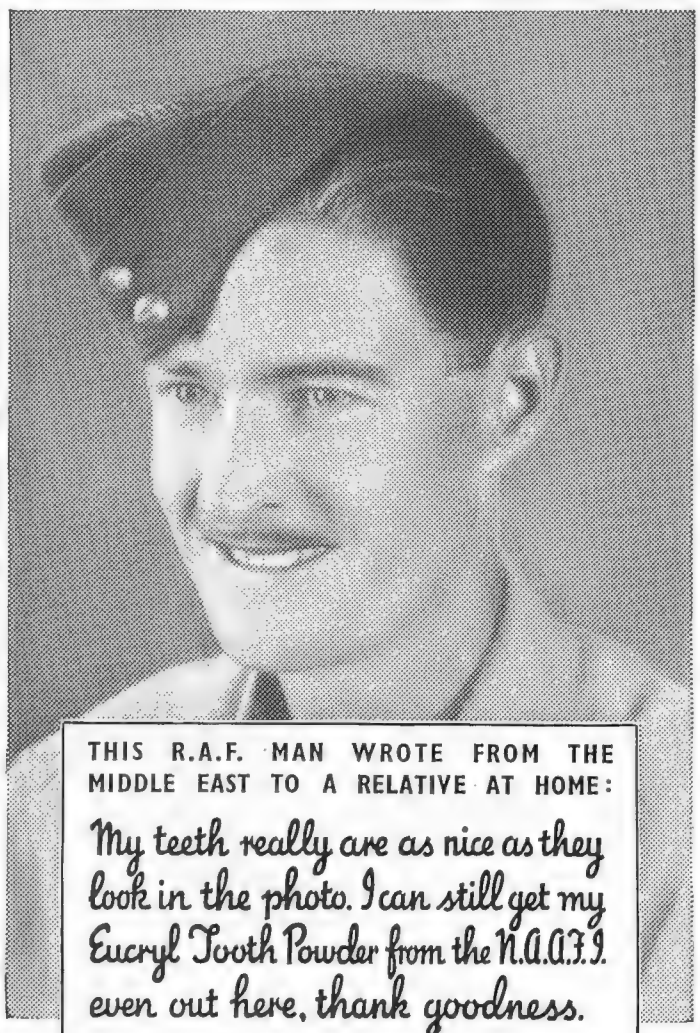

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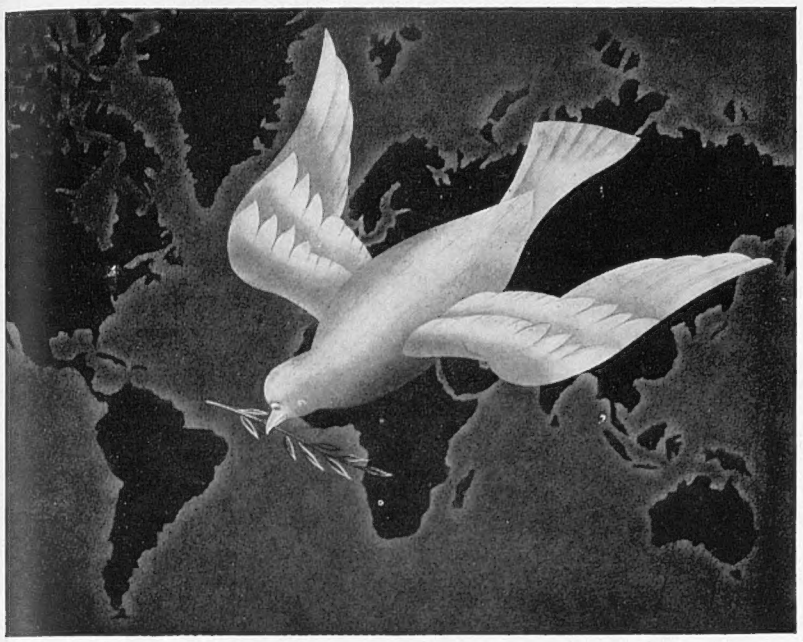

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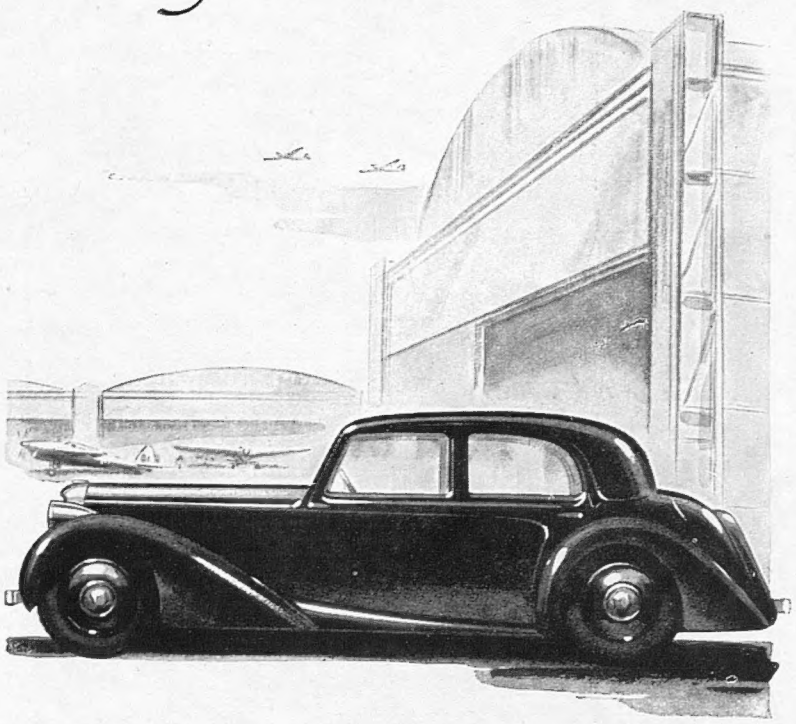

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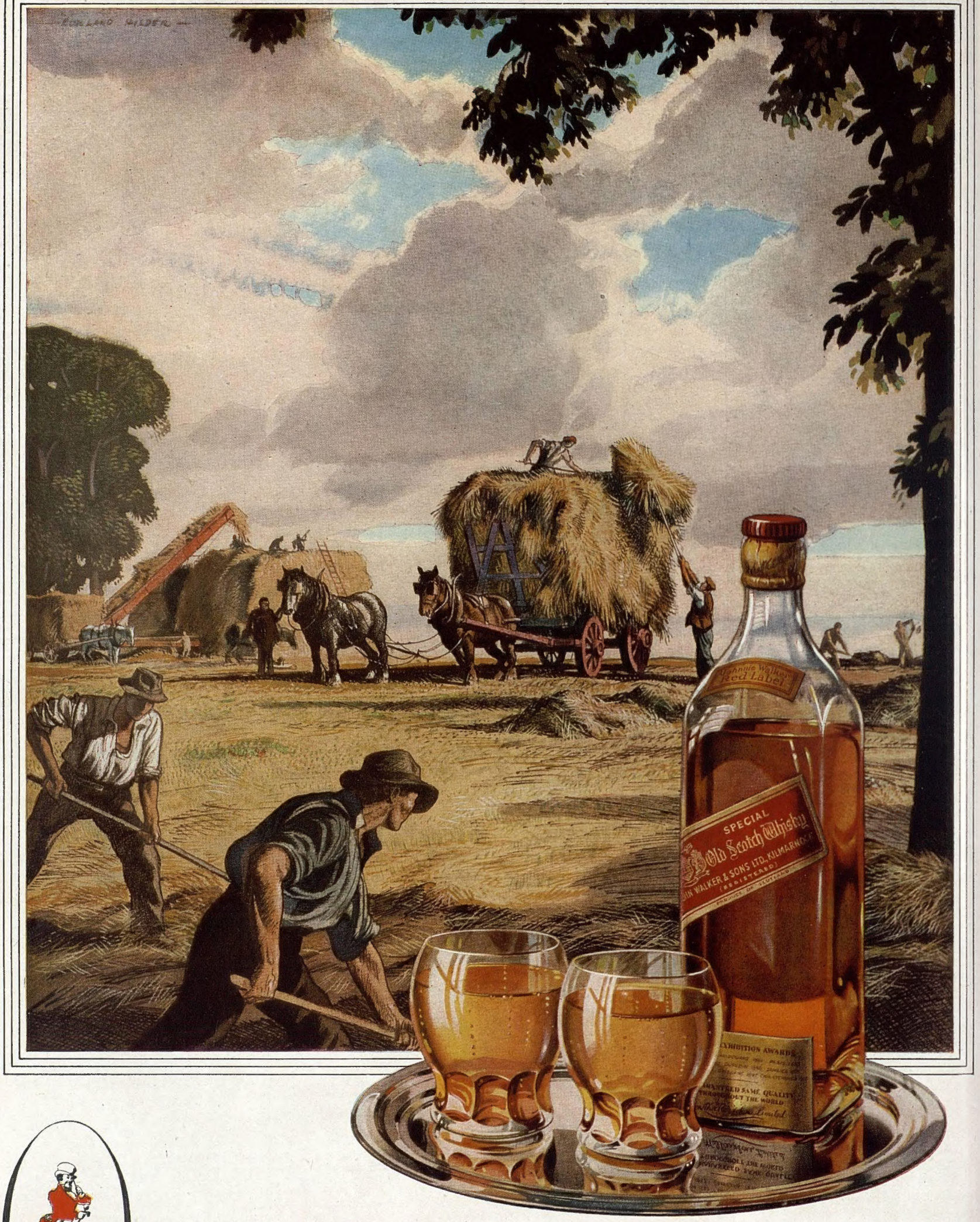

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